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CURRENT COMMENT.

WE do not remember the exact size of the popular majority that floated Mr. Harding into office; perhaps it was something like seven millions. The language of the Republican promise of prosperity also eludes us; but neither words nor figures have any importance now, except as a gloss upon a current estimate of unemployment, which places the number of the country's involuntary loafers at a round six millions. If we wanted to be downright ornery, we might say that Mr. Harding had sent his majority to the bread-line. This would not be exactly true, because the foundations of American misery were already solidly laid when the President and his Administration came to office. Still one may say that by contrast with Mr. Wilson's ill-success in keeping us out of war, Mr. Harding has done very well with the job of keeping us out of work.

SENATOR Harrison says that while President Harding plays, the people suffer. They do; but the President's play has less to do with it than his work. We are inclined to think that if he would extend his week-ends both ways till they overlap in the middle, things might look up for everybody.

SECRETARY WALLACE, Senator Capper, and others of the so-called agricultural *bloc* in the Congress, are all out to benefit the farmer by reducing freight-rates on his products. The railways are not pets of ours by any means, and we are free to say that their rates are extortionate to the point of highwaymanry. We are also quite well aware of the dismal mess that agriculture is in, and we have from time to time made observations upon it. We are all for having freight-rates reduced, and passenger-rates too; and we are all for giving the farmer a fighting-chance for his life. What we wish to point out, however, is that the reduction of freight-rates will not help the farmer in the least; that is to say, it will not help the working farmer, which is the only kind of farmer that we care a button for. All the benefit would accrue to the owning farmer, which we suspect to be the only kind of farmer that Mr. Wallace and Mr. Capper care a button for. If the railways carried farm-produce for nothing, the entire benefit would be promptly absorbed by a rise in agricultural land-values, and the working farmer would be not one whit better off than he is now. When office-

holders begin to agonize about the hard lot of the farmer and to exude projects for his relief, they should first of all be stood up on the carpet and made to say which kind of farmer it is that they are talking about.

As things now stand, railway-rates and all, we can not see but that the owning farmer is doing purty tol'ble well. The Bureau of the Census has recently announced that the value of all the agricultural property in the United States—land, buildings, stock, implements, everything—on 1 January, 1920, was in round numbers \$78 billion, as against \$41 billion in 1910; an increase of about ninety per cent. Now, out of this total of \$78 billion, the value of agricultural land, alone, was \$55 billion—a pretty tidy capitalization, surely, for the working farmer to struggle against—and it had increased nearly ninety-three per cent since 1910, when it stood at \$29 billion. We can see how the working farmer could somehow squeeze along under the extortions of the railways though we cordially agree that it is an outrage to make him do so, or to make any of us do so. But bless our bloomin' eyes if we see how he can do business much longer under the exactions of landlordism! There are the figures—ninety-three per cent rise in agricultural land-values in ten years! We would commend this to the attention of our liberal friends for some kind of comment, but we have done the same sort of thing so often before, and elicited no comment, that it seems like crowding the mourners to keep on doing it.

ACCORDING to Senator Smoot, we shall all shortly be asked to subscribe to a fine, large Federal loan of seven billion dollars, or some such matter, in order to pay off our internal obligations which will mature in 1923—Victory notes (Phœbus! what a name for them!), war-savings stamps, and other odds and ends of paper for which our citizenry was cozened, dragooned, browbeaten, and bedeviled into giving up its earnings. It is almost exactly a year ago that, in speaking of the French loan, we called attention to the close correspondence between the methods of governmental finance, and the methods of private finance employed by Schaubard in "La Bohème," and by the Rev. Mr. Stiggins in the "Pickwick Papers." Borrowing oneself out of debt is quite generally put down as mere knavery, except in the case of a Government; and in that case it is held by some extraordinary popular superstition to be proper and justifiable. We have never been able to get this through our head.

WHEN the good and the great are assembled in Washington for the great disarmament—we beg pardon, limitation of armament—conference, the people of Canada will be expressing their views in a general election—if views are ever expressed on such occasions, which we take leave to doubt—on a subject which goes to the very roots of the matter under discussion in Washington. For Mr. Meighen, the Dominion Premier, has recently announced that he will make the question of the tariff, particularly a tariff against the United States, the dominant issue in the contest. This should add considerably to the gaiety of nations: Mr. Meighen leading an anti-American tariff-campaign in Canada and at the same time vowing eternal friendship at Mr. Harding's green table. It reminds us of Stephano's monster on Prospero's magic isle: "Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract."

WE noticed the other day a most striking intimation of the difference between the state of the public mind in England and in this country. Mr. H. C. Bywater has written a book called "Sea Power in the Pacific." A review of this book in the London *Truth* says, in the most matter-of-fact way, that it is "a very able disquisition upon the approaching struggle, and especially upon the nature of the weapons being got ready by the combatants." The publishers of the book, the Messrs. Constable, one of the best and best-known publishing-houses in England, as coolly lifts this line from the review and prints it in an advertisement! This calm certainty about the approaching struggle, and the equally calm reference to the preparations being made for it—quite as a sporting-writer might speculate about generalship in the world's series—would in this country be thought a bit sensational and might provoke comment. We certainly have not been informed as definitely as all this that there is a struggle approaching, and most of us are not contemplating any such possibility, or indeed thinking at all about it.

In England, however, the popular mind is a little further along—perhaps no great way further, but a little—in understanding that foreign affairs are domestic affairs. Citizens of this country have not learned this. Experience is teaching it to them, but all teaching is slow work, and this particular bit of education is uncommonly slow. Fifteen years ago it would have been impossible to get a baker's dozen in this country to see and believe that the rivalry of imperialist interests in Morocco was a domestic question. Well, it was just so much of a domestic question that it has cost our citizens more than twenty billion dollars already and, which is worse, an incalculable perversion of the national spirit. If there be any truth in the adage that a burnt child dreads the fire, many now can be gotten to see that the rivalry of imperialist interests in China is a domestic question. But while our education has made a promising start, it is by no means so far along but that the mode of expression adapted by the reviewer of Mr. Bywater's book will give us a feeling of disagreeable surprise. Are matters really regarded in England as being so far advanced?

"TEN years ago," said Mr. George Lansbury in a recent speech—and it is interesting to observe in passing that with the jailing of Mr. Lansbury two of the finest type of men in England and America are now deprived of their liberty by the sorry crews of placemen who constitute the respective Governments—"ten years ago," said Mr. Lansbury, "I signed the minority report of the Poor Law Commission. Nothing has been done. Two special Parliamentary Committees have reported in favour of a scheme based on this report which would have eased our burdens. Nothing has been done. For twenty months all London Labour boroughs have appealed to the Prime Minister, the Ministers of Labour, Health, and Transport. Nothing has been done." Well, Mr. Lansbury seems to be learning his lesson, and from the fact that he is now in prison we should imagine that he is trying some other and more direct course of action. After all, as Emerson says, it is not so much experience as an experiencing mind, that counts.

ANOTHER British labour-leader, Mr. Robert Smillie, the veteran leader of the miners, has lately given evidence, though in his case not for the first time, of possessing an experiencing mind. Speaking recently at a miners' conference, Mr. Smillie advised his hearers that if they "forgot everything for two years and concentrated on getting rid of the greatest burden of all, the land-grabbers, we should have a land fit for heroes to live in and heroes fit to live in a free land." We are not surprised to learn that these simple words of Mr. Smillie's at once drew blood from a certain interested party, the Duke of Northumberland. In great alarm his Grace declared at a meeting of the Landowners' Association that the Labour party now "realized that land was the basis of all property, and

once it could be transferred to the State—whatever form of common ownership the State might mean—the whole basis upon which our system of civilization rested would be upset." But let not the heir of the Percys be troubled; as far as we are aware, not many of Mr. Smillie's colleagues have yet displayed anything of his clarity of vision as to the right policy for the landless worker.

WE were tempted, a few days ago, to interrupt the course of human events with a burst of applause when we learned that the association of all-Russian absentees, with headquarters at Paris, is preparing to send representatives to Mr. Harding's conference on the multiplication of armaments and the long-division of China. Naturally, the amalgamated *émigrés* have a heart-felt interest in both of the major subjects to be discussed at Washington. They had more to do with the arming of the Russian empire, and the pre-war partitioning of China, than anybody who now lives within the borders of the Soviet Republic. They represent the militarist and imperialist interests of old Russia, and they should, by all means, be allowed to sit in at Washington with the gentry who represent the militarist and imperialist interests of the United States, Great Britain, France and Japan. When their status is properly understood, it is clear that the little matter of temporary non-residence has nothing to do with the case. Once he gets his legs under the conference-table, Professor Miliukov will not be much further from the people of Samara than Mr. Lloyd George is from those of Sheffield and Southampton.

IF the doll-makers of America and the doll-makers of Germany had been officially represented in the conferences which fixed the terms of the reparations-settlement, the Germans might have announced that they proposed to pay a part of the Allied exactions in dolls to be shipped to the United States; and the Americans might then have requested that this particular part of the indemnity be left unpaid. The protest was not made, however, and Germany is beginning to pay. As a result, nine-tenths of the firms that, at the end of the war, were engaged in the manufacture of dolls in New York, have given up the business as a bad job; while the remaining houses are petitioning Congress for a still larger measure of tariff-protection than they now enjoy. The manufacturers who have quit, and the manufacturers who are still hanging on, have learned that the United States did not win the war of armies, but the gentlemen of the latter class are still nursing the idea that a war of tariffs may perhaps relieve them of the losses incident to the military victory.

It is almost the fashion nowadays to find fault with the American educational system and to propose some scheme of tinkering and revamping whereby to improve it. The latest complaint that has come to our notice is embodied in a survey made for the Society of Mechanical Engineers. The general dissatisfaction felt with the product of our system is a good thing, even though the proposed improvements may not amount to much as real improvements. It will some day be seen that education is one thing, instruction another, and mere propaganda still another. Education can be easily and effectively promoted in this country; there is no natural reason why it may not be; but in order to promote it, the present control of the system must be given up in favour of freedom, both of thought and speech. There is no way out of this. Until such freedom be established in school and college, there can be no such thing as education going among us.

WE do not particularly lament this. We never felt called upon to crusade against the Lusk laws, for example, which now govern the New York public schools, and are probably as bad as any in the country; nor against the fantastic laws under which foreign-language schools operate in some of the Western States, notably in California. The best way to make sure that such methods will not work is to try them. The people of the country have just been royally done in by the politicians and privileged

interests, because out of all our hundred millions, hardly anyone knew anything of fundamental economics or fundamental political science. They are aware, too, that they have been done in; and therefore the experience has been useful. By virtue of being done in a few more times, as presently they will be, they will become aware that there is something wrong with the hatcheries in which their ideas were incubated; and then there will be a change which really counts for something, and education will make some progress. There is no cynicism, but simple candour, in saying that experience is the only teacher whose lessons really count; and communities, like individuals, are entitled to their experience and to their mistakes, and no man or group of men is either wise enough or good enough to cut in between a community and its experience, and undertake to play the rôle of Providence.

How, for example, can education come to anything where whole areas of thought are closed to free research, as notably in the public-school system of the State of New York, or in the State-controlled college or university, or in the privilege-controlled private institution? The thing is quite impossible. As long as discussion and instruction are conditioned by conclusions arbitrarily imposed, and must lead to those conclusions and to none other, the progress of education presents insuperable difficulties. It is not long since instruction and discussion in the natural sciences, particularly geology, were sharply conditioned by the conclusions of the Mosaic cosmogony; and we all know what came of that. Similarly, we may infer what will come of conditioning instruction and discussion in economics, civics and political science; and in practically all our institutions they are so conditioned.

In the daily press it is intimated that the American Legion has come down with what a darkey might call "a pain in the misery," induced by an overdose of military discipline. A party of legionaries has been over to Europe and back again, in the trail of the A. E. F. The expedition was organized in military fashion, which was fine for the officers of the Legion, and painfully reminiscent of past experience for those who again crossed and re-crossed the ocean as buck-privates in the rear rank. When we read about all these doings, we wondered how the members of an organization which fosters the military spirit can expect to escape the derangements of human relations that grow out of that spirit. The Legion may be able to split off the one from the other; but some knowledge of the more-than-Prussian customs of the American military service leads us to believe that officer and private will never mix very well in any fraternity that lives upon the memory of a war.

In a recent issue of the *Negro World*, appear several columns of printed matter which move us to gentle remonstrance. Thoroughly sympathetic as we are with any attempt to make the Negro look upon himself as a full-sized human being, we are obliged to express the opinion that in its final ceremonial, the Second International Convention of Negroes ran off the track and buried its nose in the primeval jungle. The doings took the form of an "ancient Ethiopian court-reception" by "His Highness, the Potentate," who attended in a uniform that made him appear the very image of Mr. Eugene O'Neill's Emperor Jones in the height of his power and glory. The main business of the evening was the knighting of several Negroes who are considered to have rendered distinguished service to their race.

SINCE the ceremony, the new nobilities have been regularly referred to by title in the columns of the *Negro World*. Anyone who glances at the workman-like editorials in this paper will be astonished at the contrast between their maturity of temper and the childishness of the ancient Ethiopian monkey-shines of the convention. The editor of the *World* and those associated with him must see that the new Negro can have no proper interest in rehearsing historic mummeries that the white world is finally

getting rid of. If he does see this, it seems to us that he would do well to say so, for we hardly see how he can expect intelligent members of his own race to give support to a performance that makes the Negro appear to be as backward as his worst enemies say he is.

OVER in New Jersey, one of the public prosecutors is experiencing some embarrassment because of the fact that, for the first time in the history of the State, a woman has just been sworn in as a member of the grand jury. The prosecutor has what is called "an old-fashioned regard for womanhood"; he is afraid that some of the evidence that must be brought before the jury is not the sort of thing a woman should hear. His attitude may be the proper one, but it has always seemed to us that no human being could be harmed by a knowledge of the life of other human beings, however revolting the facts may be. The notion that some of us have to protect the rest of us from the truth seems calculated to produce snobbery on the one hand, and embryonic simplicity on the other. The first quality is bad enough, but it seems to us that the second is particularly unlikely to produce satisfactory results in a world that must be understood as it is, or not understood at all.

OUR blessed memories of the streets of New York City, half-empty on a summer's holiday, are wantonly assaulted by a prophecy which appeared recently in the columns of the *Evening Mail*. After a preliminary announcement that, according to all proper methods of comparison, New York is already a far more populous city than London, the paper quotes the Port of New York Authority to the effect that in 1930 the Port District will muster nearly ten million souls, and in 1970, more than twice as many. The Port Authority, a joint creation of the States of New York and New Jersey is doing everything that can be done to bring about this unhappy state of affairs; and, as a matter of course, we are expected to believe that its activities are symptomatic of "progress," whatever that may mean. If it means more human happiness, we ought to be able to see our share of it coming out somewhere. As a matter of fact, we can not discover that it promises us anything more satisfying than a large increment of discomfort; but perhaps we are guilty of individual shortsightedness. Anyhow, we should like to put the question to the test by asking all the citizens of the Port District to vote "yes" or "no" on this matter of progress; and if the ballots could be signed, so that some one could compare the opinions of the real-estate-owners with those of the real-estate-renters, it would be all the better.

AN exceedingly odd dispatch comes from the Central News correspondent at Strabane, in the county of Tyrone, Ireland, to the effect that the mother of Enrico Caruso was an Irishwoman named Jessie Donoghue, and that her relatives, cousins of Caruso, still reside at Strabane. The correspondent remarks that no newspaper seems yet to have disclosed this fact; and indeed, if it be a fact, the oversight is strange. How about this? It is a trifle, no doubt, and we ourselves imagine, not knowing anything about it, that the story is either an invention of the correspondent, or one that was foisted on him. Still, if the great tenor was half Irish, the ould sod should have the credit of it.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE FALSE SAMARITANS.

If we have spoken lightly and impatiently of charitarian activities in Russia, especially those presided over by Mr. Hoover, it is not because we deprecate charity, but because we deprecate the manifest and scandalous insincerity of those activities. Of sincerely charitable activities, in fact, such as those of the Society of Friends, we have always spoken, and shall always speak, with immense respect. This paper, however, is interested in justice far more than in charity, and believes in justice first. Justice, in our view, is the beginning of charity and a charity that is rooted in injustice is not to our notion. It goes considerably against our grain, therefore, to see the imperialist Governments of the world interesting themselves in the distribution of charity to the Russians, while at the same time withholding from them any measure of elemental justice. Under the *peine forte et dure*, the victim lying on his back, bound in chains, with stones and iron piled upon his chest to the limit of endurance, had thrust into his mouth on alternate days three mouthfuls of barley bread and three mouthfuls of water. One hardly sees why this should have been done and one thinks no better of the torturers for doing it, but, on the contrary, rather worse.

We shall now proceed to show cause for our view of governmentally-encouraged Russian relief. Commander Grenfell, who was naval attaché to the British Embassy at Petrograd from 1912 to 1917, has come out in the English monthly, *Foreign Affairs*, with an excellent exposition of the purely political disabilities that the imperialist Governments—the same precious crew who are interesting themselves in charitarian activities in Russia—have put upon, and still maintain upon, the Russian people. This infamous anomaly is evidently too much for Commander Grenfell's stomach, as it seems to us it should be for any fair-minded person's, and he demonstrates the gratifying fact that, while the lamp holds out to burn, even a naval officer can make a staunch return to the higher obedience.

Commander Grenfell says flatly that it is the political disabilities put upon Russia by the imperialist Governments which "hinder the Russian authorities from taking some of the more simple and immediately effective steps to ease the position" in which the Russian population is placed by famine. Just so. There seems little doubt that within Russia itself there is enough food to go around, though it be but barely. The problem is, first, to make this food available, and then to get it transported and distributed. To make it available, Commander Grenfell points out that the first need is the presence in Russia of exchange-values. Goods of the sort that the peasant needs and wants, must be sent into Russia, in order that the peasant may exchange his produce for them. There is a great plenty of such goods; "large quantities of them already exist in Germany, Great Britain, and America, and the two last-named countries actually are now suffering from extensive unemployment due to want of markets." But political difficulties are permitted—permitted by the British, French, and United States Governments—to obstruct the arrangement of credit and to interfere with through transit. If these difficulties were removed, England and Germany, and we ourselves, could supply goods enough in almost no time to release the produce of the Russian peasantry and make it available. But the British, French, and United States Governments

will not budge with one of their little fingers these burdens which they have laid upon Russia. Under such circumstances, this paper hopes that it may be excused from displaying any enthusiasm whatever over the humanitarian enterprises that are endorsed by these same Governments.

Russia, for one thing, is very short of locomotives. The Soviet Government some time ago placed a large order for locomotives in Germany—and as this paper remarked at the time the United States had the first chance at that order—and some of them are now ready for delivery. But Poland, which is notoriously a mere jackal-State for France, "in spite of her recently signed peace treaty, finds objection to allowing these to pass through Polish territory, the natural and shortest route into Russia, although the whole world knows that half a word from Paris, a mere hint from M. Briand to Warsaw, can instantly remove these difficulties." Similar considerations operate against Russia's getting the railway-trucks manufactured in Canada to the order of the old Tsarist Government. A word from the British Government would release them in a moment. The same considerations operate against transport of the large available supplies of grain in Rumania and Bulgaria, which Commander Grenfell says "can quickly be brought and sent from Constantza, Braila, and Varna to Odessa, Sevastopol, Rostov, and other Black Sea ports not forty-eight hours distant, adjacent to famine-stricken districts, immediately Bukarest and Sofia understand that Paris and London no longer oppose such a proceeding." Does anyone imagine that anything but the implacable and irrational obstinacy of the State Department stands in the way of an exchange of commodities between this country and Russia?

When the imperialist Governments remove the political disabilities which prevent the Russian authorities from doing something for themselves, then, and not before, can they undertake with decent grace, the encouragement of private charity. Then, and not before, can they come forward with a decent grace and invite themselves into a position of responsibility in the administration of such charity. The fact is that, by the exercise of every device, by the employment of every available resource, these Governments have been trying for four years to break down the Soviet Government of Russia and replace it by one which should be imperialist, like themselves. They have employed the resource of arms and blockade, of non-recognition, boycott, and outlawry; and so far, they have failed. That their spirit and intentions have not changed is evident from the fact that they still keep Russia under every conceivable political disability that they can put upon her. Such being the case, it seems to us, as it does apparently to Commander Grenfell, and as, presumably, it would to any properly-informed and fair-minded person, that one must look upon the humanitarian pretensions of these Governments not only with incorrigible distrust, but also—as one reflects upon the immense duplicity of the part that they are playing—with utter horror and amazement.

THE CROOKS' ALIAS.

THE extraordinary persistence of illusions is perhaps the most powerful justification for Mr. George Bernard Shaw's, ain't it?—or was it Voltaire's—anyway, whosoever persuasion it was that the other planets use this one for a lunatic-asylum. We are thinking of the League of Nations, and of the assiduity wherewith certain indomitable spirits blow upon the grey, cold and pathetic embers of their faith in the League of

Nations, in order to keep, if possible, a spark alive. This noble army of martyrs is more numerous in England, probably, than elsewhere, certainly more numerous than in America. There it consists largely of wanderers whom catastrophic action flung out of the regular orbit of liberalism. Perhaps the most distinguished among them is Lord Robert Cecil. One reads with astonishment that the League of Nations Union still does business, still holds conferences, and is still addressed by Lord Robert Cecil. How little, one says in surveying this phenomenon, how little does proof amount to! Logical proof, *a priori* proof, historical proof, proof of contemporaneous fact—what are they worth when matched against a prepossession?

The League of Nations is a going concern, fully organized, as far as we are aware, and certainly if fancy salaries are any warrant of competent organization and high efficiency, it ought to be able to move mountains by the breath of its word. One of its functions, the one which seemed to exercise the strongest fascination upon American liberals, was to put an end to war. Well, Poland attacked Russia; did the League put a stop to that war? Hardly; it never moved a finger. Why? Because Poland was "sicked" on Russia, by the French Government. There is a fine tidy little war going on at this moment between the Greeks and the Turks. Has the League of Nations interfered? Not to anyone's knowledge. Why not? Because the British Government is behind the Greeks. Perhaps the operations in Ireland and the Spanish Government's operations in the Riff country are not technically war, and therefore do not technically come within the purview of the League—we do not know—but one would defy a connoisseur to detect the practical difference. But whatever took place in either field of action, can one imagine any hint of interference from the League of Nations? Why not? Because the British Government is operating in Ireland and the French Government's interests are served by the Spanish operations in Morocco.

Another function of the League which greatly prepossessed our liberal brethren in its favour, was the abolition of secret diplomacy. All commitments and agreements among member nations were to be registered with the League and published. Well, this paper published some time ago a list of some half-dozen or more secret treaties and agreements that as yet have never seen the light of day. Does anyone know, for instance, the terms of the military alliance between the French and Belgian Governments? Does anyone know the exact official status at the present time, of the old Anglo-Japanese alliance? Why not? Because neither the British Government nor the French Government has, or has ever had, any intention of publishing any engagements that it does not wish to publish.

Still another function whereby the League recommended itself most cordially to the liberal spirit, was in relation to the reduction of armament. We all know approximately, from statistics published in the several countries, the percentage of national revenues now being spent upon armament by the victorious—if one can so call them—Allied Powers. On the eve of the conference at Washington, Great Britain celebrates the occasion by inviting bids for the construction of four post-Jutland battleships. This is a forecast, as distinct as it can be made, of a naval rivalry with the United States as headlong and insane as the programme inaugurated in England by the great scare of 1909. But has the League of Nations been heard from in the premises? No wonder that at Oxford the other day,

Lord Robert Cecil spoke despondingly of the prospects of the League "as long as nations are free to pile up armaments against one another." But if the League of Nations was projected and established in good faith, why are the nations free to pile up armaments against one another? Why is it that, according to dispatches apparently inspired, the discussions at Washington in November "are generally regarded as of only subsidiary interest to France"?

The simple fact is that the League of Nations has the uses, and only the uses, of a crook's *alias*. It has never for one moment of its life had any other uses, was never meant to have any other, and by no conceivable conjuration can it ever have any other. It is an instrument of convenience to the British and French Governments. When it suits the purposes of these Governments to use the League, they use it, and use it as it suits them, without scruple or concern; otherwise, they disregard it. This is a matter of demonstrable fact; there is no room for doubt or error about it. In thus sketching the history of the most lamentable and at the same time most ludicrous hoax that has been perpetrated upon the good instincts of mankind since the days of the Holy Alliance, we are merely clearing the way for a consideration of the Silesian question. This question, one of the most momentous and difficult of all that have grown out of the war, was, as our readers will remember, the subject of fundamental disagreement between the British and French Premiers, and was referred to the League of Nations. Our purpose is, when the time comes, to examine this question thoroughly on its merits, and then to show our readers how far it has been settled on its merits by the judgment of the League, and what the issues and influences were which determined that judgment; and by way of leading up to this, it seemed expedient just now to remind our readers of the nature and achievements of the tribunal to which the question was referred.

THE UNEMPLOYMENT OF THE LAW.

As a general thing, this paper receives its information on minor local events by way of the daily press, but this time it happens that we ourselves participated in the affair of which we are about to speak; an assembly of peaceable citizens which would most certainly have been turned into a riot, and perhaps a calamitous one, if the citizens themselves had shared in any degree the lawlessness and violence of the police who dispersed the gathering.

When one has seen a hulking policeman throw himself, with club uplifted, upon a group of quiet and orderly people, one does not soon forget the picture. This is particularly true when one knows that the group in question, and the great gathering of which it forms a part, includes a number of unemployed men who, earlier in this same day, have been prevented by the police from receiving food purchased for free distribution in the streets, and have also been set upon by the mounted gendarmery when they attempted to enter a hall which had been hired for a public meeting in their behalf. Nor does the situation lose any of its impressiveness when, on the day following—that is, on Tuesday—men who have gathered in a public park for a "hand-out" are knocked down by officers of the law; or when, on Wednesday, the Mayor of New York City issues a proclamation defending the "determined and courageous work" of the police, while on the same day the police themselves give the lie to the whole miserable business by a reversal of their attitude towards the public distribution of food.

Now it is barely conceivable that some of the men who were denied the right of assembly and free speech on Monday, and were clubbed out of a public park on Tuesday, may still have retained on Tuesday night a vestigial respect for authority. Violence breeds violence, but it does not invariably breed disrespect. Hence a few individuals may have waited for Wednesday's official heart-softening before they added disdain to anger. How they could wait longer, we can not see. Neither the situation of the unemployed nor the law of the land was altered one hairbreadth between Tuesday night and Wednesday morning; and the change in the deportment of the police gives proof positive that either on Tuesday or on Wednesday they were acting in utter disregard of law.

Among the half-million unemployed men in New York City, there may be many who know nothing of the constitutional guarantees of free assembly, free speech, and free press; and yet we venture to say that there is not one man among them all who does not feel instinctively that anything that is right and lawful on Tuesday is right and lawful, in a similar situation, on Wednesday. To feel this, and to live in this city of New York, is to know beyond the shadow of a doubt that authority is not only guilty of violence, but of an erratic and time-serving violence that knows no law. To know this, and to be hungry—that is too much.

The respectable people of this city and of the country at large have given little attention to this matter, nor are they likely to give attention until it is brought forcibly to their notice. How this will be done, it is not for us to say. Perhaps it will not be done at all; and yet it seems to us that the belief that force is the only law is not bred among hungry men without danger that it will be acted upon, in an opportunist fashion, individually or *en masse* as the needs of the moment may dictate. That is to say, the unemployed may perhaps attack the respectable population, just as the police have attacked the unemployed. The winter's crime-wave may run unusually high. It may even take the form of a tidal wave; in which case the respectable population must either learn lawlessness from the unemployed, or learn to share with them a life more lawful than that to which either party has hitherto been accustomed.

OUR INNOCENTS ABROAD.

AMONG the flaws in the democratic fabric of this Republic must be counted those self-sacrificing citizens who undertake the task of representing the United States abroad, thereby cutting themselves off for a while from the sweets of their native civilization. In addition to all the usual vices of the profession, the American diplomat has developed a few that are peculiarly his own. In Europe, diplomacy is the class-privilege of a special caste; in America, it is regarded as the reward of politicians with social aspirations. Thus our national contribution to the art is snobbery, which is pleasantly combined with the inherent and fundamental knaveries of the diplomatist's trade. As a consolation in their exile our social climbers seek the subtle delights of penetrating into the exclusive circles where their foreign colleagues naturally live, move and have their being. Consequently the energies, such as they are, of the average American envoy are wholly absorbed in the social game, with the result that he brings to the ordinary tasks of diplomacy that degree of pristine ignorance and pliable innocence which are so helpful to the more sophisticated players who move the pawns on the international checkerboard.

The experiences of people who have had official dealings with these outposts of Americanism have occasionally enlightened the public at home as to the shortcomings of our diplomatic service. The sum of these complaints is always the same. The American official abroad is almost invariably incompetent, even at the tricks of what is supposed to be his trade, and he rarely fails to add insult to injury by revealing himself more Tsarist than any Tsar, more royalist than any king, more deeply bitten with Teutophobia than the wildest nationalist that ever profited in Alsace-Lorraine. For this reason the unorthodox traveller has learnt to dislike and despise the functionaries of the State Department in foreign countries even more than those of the Governments with which he may be in actual conflict. In fine, the testimony of all independent witnesses, whatever their nationality, is identical. Wherever he is stationed, the American official abroad betrays the habits of the parvenu and the bigotry of the proselyte.

For the purposes of documentation, however, it is useful to have the evidence of our so-called diplomatists themselves. These are times when revelations are fashionable, although usually the writers of the current memoirs and diaries are more interested in giving away their friends than themselves. But the utterances of diplomatic letter-writers, as the European documents concerning the war have shown, have the frequent merit of a naïve candour which is far removed from the skilful Machiavellism that is popularly attributed to such gentry. The native product is no exception to this rule, and if our unbamboozled innocents have nothing of the slightest historical value to reveal, the outpouring of their untutored minds promises to have a decided social value. For instance, here in the current issues of the *World's Work* are the letters of the late Mr. Walter Hines Page, sometime Ambassador of these States at the Court of St. James. They are described by Dr. Woodrow Wilson as "the best letters that I have ever read," and Colonel House declares "I have never read anything that can compare with them. They are destined to become classics." It is obviously impossible to pass over the evidence of a good and faithful servant of our one-time rulers when he receives such excellent testimonials from his employers.

In May, 1914, when the witches' cauldron of European affairs was bubbling up energetically, what was President Wilson's classical correspondent unbending himself about to his Master? Well, it seems he had attended an official dinner where King George entertained the King of Denmark, and his heart was too full for diplomatic speech. He simply had to tell them back home what a fine fellow he had become, so he wrote a description which is a cross between the prose of a society-column paragrapher and that of a Washington correspondent who is on drinking terms with important congressmen—in the style, in short, of one who feels that he has been raised by the hand of God from the humble station in life to which Providence had called him. He has a kind word for his host: "Now I don't know how other Kings do, but I'm willing to swear by King George for a job of this sort." Eight "Great Powers" were represented by Mr. Page's colleagues and the splendour was "truly regal," yet to his amazement, apparently, nobody insulted this modest flower of democracy, for he adds that the friendliness was "very true and human," although the company was "most uncommon."

Ambassador Page, however, did not wholly surrender his rights as a free citizen, for we find him expressing

his opinion that this all seemed too much fuss over "His Majesty of Denmark, a country with fewer people and less wealth than New Jersey." Here, indeed, is the large-scale production-test applied with devastating effect to the effete Old World. What was even more ridiculous, though Mr. Page does not mention it, was that the whole party was given by a man who has not nearly so much money as the Morgan family, and who represents a country not nearly as large as Oklahoma. But one can not think of everything on an occasion like that, especially when one is an ingenuous citizen of a democratic Republic in the act of discovering that "this whole royal game is most interesting." Think of the distracting and disturbing effect of such a spectacle as this:

Lloyd George and H. H. Asquith and John Morley were there, all in white knee-breeches of silk and swords and most gaudy coats—these that are the radicals of the kingdom in literature and in action. Veterans of Indian and South African wars stood on either side of every door and every stairway, dressed as Sir Walter Raleigh dressed, like so many statues, never blinking an eye. Every person in the company is printed, in all the papers, with every title he bears. Crowds lined the street in front of the palace to see the carriages go in and to guess who was in each.

In such a glorious company who would not feel like saying: Join the Diplomatic Service and See the World! Like his humbler fellow-citizens who join the navy for that laudable purpose—certainly with no worse results—Mr. Page seems to have learned while he earned. "By George," he writes, "it's a fine game! This Government and ours are standing together all right, especially since the President has taken hold of our foreign relations himself. With such a man at the helm at home we can do whatever we like with the English, as I've often told you." There speaks the voice of the true Wilsonian diplomacy, and it is hardly necessary to recall the distressing fact that, in spite of this admirable team-work, the smile, at the end of the journey, was on the face of the tiger—or rather of the lion. As this American Ambassador so beautifully phrased it on one occasion when addressing his friendly cousins: "Blood carries with it that particular trick of thought which makes us all English in the last resort. And thus, despite the fusion of races and of the great contributions of other nations to her hundred millions of people and to her incalculable wealth, the United States is yet English-led and English-ruled." No wonder the as yet unstoned prophet in the White House found the letters of Mr. Walter Hines Page fit only to be described in scriptural language: "Your letters are a lamp to my feet—I do not know what I should do without you."

At times, of course, the progress of this amiable pilgrim was disturbed by the coarse, unimaginative irruption of certain common American people who demanded explanations of a policy which carried out to the letter the altruistic Anglomania of the President and his worthy representative in London. He simply could not bear the thought of defending the interests of mere untitled American profiteers, when their beknighted British rivals were involved. As an argument for the British case in the Panama Canal controversy he says naively: "You will profit most by it, for you have the greatest carrying trade," adding, with exquisite flunkeyism: "it adds to the pleasure of that great work that you will profit by it." Anything so startling as a general economic principle, of course, never seems to have crossed the mind of Mr. Page in his discussion of the tolls question. But, as all the world knows since the exhibition we made of ourselves at Versailles, we

Americans are incorrigible idealists. The only thing to be avoided is being found out. As Mr. Page wrote to President Wilson, "that was my mistake—in being betrayed by the friendly dinner and the high compliments paid to us" into giving the show away. Ah, those friendly dinners and high compliments! O neutrality, where is thy sting? O intervention, where is thy victory?

After all, such sordid trifles as economic rivalries, sea-power and the rest, are hardly the business of the American politician whose mission abroad is to get into the best society, and to show what a perfect English gentleman one can become by adaptation. Mr. Gerard did not exactly hit it off with the Junkers at Potsdam, but at least he had his revenge by making a moving-picture out of the snubs inflicted upon him. His colleague in London was always able to report satisfactory progress. "The Prime Minister dines with me, the Foreign Secretary, the Archbishop, the Colonial Secretary—all the rest of 'em; the King talks very freely; Mr. Asquith tells me some of his troubles; Sir Edward has become a good personal friend; Lord Bryce warms up; the Lord Chancellor is chummy; and so it goes." What glorious hours of crowded life, when one is "chummy" with one's betters and is no longer obliged to rely for intimate data upon the syndicated chronicles of Grub Street!

Alas, however, we learn from Mr. Page's revealing letters that there are other trials awaiting American diplomats besides the necessity of dealing with ill-mannered radicals and answering protests against excessive Anglomania. The possibility of a visit to England by Mr. William Jennings Bryan cast a dark cloud over the later years of Mr. Page's career, and the correspondence on the subject reaches depths of feeling hitherto unsounded. At the prospect of seeing Mr. Bryan in London Mr. Page felt as embarrassed as the *nouveau riche* when confronted with his poor relations, and he threatened to go home rather than face his fine English friends in the company of a vulgar pacifist, who actually intended to lecture on peace. All the great work accomplished by American diplomacy, he cried in dismay, would be undone. "It'll take years for the American Ambassadors to recover what they'll lose if he [Mr. Bryan] carries out this plan. They now laugh at him here. Only the President's great personality saves the situation in foreign relations. . . . All that we've tried to do to gain respect for our Government (as they respect our great nation) will disappear in one day." Worst of all, they "will feel obliged to give him big official dinners, etc." and then Heaven save us all!

Mr. Bryan, however, did not go to England, and so Mr. Wilson and his Ambassador pursued undisturbed the great work to which they had set their hands. The English apparently did not laugh at Mr. Page—at least, not to his face—and the "English-led and English-ruled" United States of those days moved steadily towards the apotheosis of Versailles. It was a charming performance and with the help of these epistolatory classics we may observe how Presbyterians, great and small, are bamboozled, so that at the appropriate moment they discover in themselves that "trick of thought which makes us all English in the last resort." But not to Mr. Walter Hines Page must all the glory and all the honour go. He was most ably assisted by the whole corps of American diplomatists, and England's rulers may well pray that at the Washington conference on armaments our representatives will not forsake the old traditions, which have made American diplomacy what it is.

MERISHU'S HIEROGLYPHICS.

I REMEMBER very well the first time I set eyes on Merishu. It was in British East Africa, in the month of October, just before the lambing-season. I was sitting at my table, reckoning the number of additional herders I should require for the arduous period that was ahead, when looking up, I saw him, spear in hand, come strolling toward my house; a very striking figure against the flame-coloured aloes which are always in flower at that time of the year. I stepped out onto the veranda to ask him what he wanted. He told me that he was looking for work. Knowing that I was short of herders, I immediately took him on, for I liked the look of him. He was not a pure Masai, but there was something about his appearance that took my fancy. The next morning I gave him a thousand wethers to herd and sent him off with two other natives to a camp twenty miles distant.

Merishu soon proved himself one of the best shepherds I ever had. He seldom lost any sheep and as far as I could tell he did not even eat them, because for several weeks at a time not a single skin would be brought in from his camp. He was a strange fellow. Amongst other peculiarities he was obsessed by an immense admiration for white men. He alone of all the Masai was not indifferent to Europeans and their ways. He would listen with eagerness to anything I might tell him about England and I remember that he was especially impressed by two facts, namely: that in England sheep and cattle could be left out at night by themselves, and that English girls could not be sold as wives by their fathers. One day he surprised me very much by asking me to teach him to write. My ability to speak on paper had evidently fascinated him for some time past. Accordingly, I presented him with a notebook and a pencil and on the first page of the notebook copied out as clearly as I could all the letters and numerals. Afterwards, whenever I rode out to his camp to see how things were getting on with him he would produce this book and, with the utmost pride, would show me the rude symbols that he had managed to trace out on its pages as he sat each night over his camp-fire. Never before had I come upon a native who took the slightest interest in writing; as a rule they simply regard it as some kind of witch-craft entirely removed from them and their affairs.

One evening after Merishu had been with me about two years a boy came in from his camp to say that he was ill; ill with some terrible sickness that the boy was sure I had never seen. I promised to go over to see Merishu early the next day and to take with me another herder to do his work, and I sent the boy back with a bottle of salts, my invariable remedy for all native ills. The next morning I went to have a look at Merishu. He lived in a half-section of a corrugated iron water-tank. The tank had been too old to use for its original purpose, so I had divided it into two halves, each of which made the most satisfactory shelter. When I came up to the mouth of the tank I called his name and soon Merishu came crawling out. I saw at once that he was suffering from smallpox. I gave him some more salts, knowing that to be the best treatment, and promised to send him some oil to rub over his body. I also ordered a boy of his own tribe to look after him.

I was very much pressed with work just then and could not get back to see Merishu for three whole days. When at last I managed to ride over to his camp, I found him a terrible sight indeed. The boy I had sent out to nurse him was nowhere to be seen; he had evidently been frightened by the disease and, after the native manner, had run away. I can not tell how long Merishu had been by himself. He was, when I saw him, quite unable to utter a sound. Looking up at me with his terribly disfigured countenance he made gestures that he wanted to drink. I fetched him some water in an open gourd, and when I put it on the ground near him he lapped at it like a dying animal. Then I noticed that one of his hands was feeling about for something. Presently it seized upon a long pen-like stick and began tracing strange hieroglyphics in the dust, while all the time he looked up at me with the most heart-rending expression, as if hoping that, somehow or other, I might be able to construe a meaning into his crude symbols. Of course it was quite impossible for me to make head or tail of them. I have often wondered what it was he was trying to say to me; did it refer perhaps to his sheep, or was it a desperate attempt to communicate something of his forlorn isolation in that terrible hour?

Seeing that there was little I could do, I galloped off to another sheep-camp nearby in order to secure a second native

to look after him; but when I got back Merishu was already dead. He was lying on his side, his head resting on his dusty hieroglyphics and his fingers still grasping the long thin stick that had served him as a pen.

LEWELYN POWYS.

SIR EDWARD CARSON AND A PROPHECY

THERE are times when the world seems to be possessed of a devil. The present is one of those times, as the following brief history will show.

Eight years ago, four Irishmen and one Englishman were engaged, to varying degrees, in a political conflict of great bitterness. The Irishmen were John Redmond, William Redmond, Sir Edward Carson and Sir Roger Casement. The Englishman was Mr. Frederick Edwin Smith. The Redmonds were striving by lawful means to obtain for their country that self-government which many generations of Irishmen, supported by British subjects throughout the Empire, have persistently striven to obtain. Sir Roger Casement, a romantic and unbalanced man, was endeavouring, after a distinguished career in the British consular service, to attach himself in some influential capacity to the national movement, but was chiefly interested in an attempt to save Queens-town from ruin through the failure of the great English shipping-companies to use it as a port-of-call for their liners on the way to America. Sir Edward Carson was openly and with impunity threatening to break the law and to wade knee-deep in the blood of Home Rulers rather than accept self-government for Ireland or for any part of Ireland. (It is not generally known that his freedom from arrest was chiefly due to the intercession of John Redmond.) Ulstermen, young and old, were preparing themselves to die in the last ditch under Sir Edward's leadership. The Englishman, Mr. F. E. Smith, a barrister who was tolerated by gentlemen because he would do things for them that no gentleman would do for himself, was also threatening to wade knee-deep in any blood that might be flowing—he cared not whose blood it was, so long as it was not his own—and in order to demonstrate the ferocity of his temper, he mounted a horse and galloped about Ulster, blowing a trumpet which was said to be the property of the Ulster Volunteer Force, but was in fact his own. Then the war began! . . .

To-day, of those protagonists, two are left: one Irishman and the Englishman; and by a singular irony of fate those two are the men who publicly flouted the authority of England. John Redmond died, as far as it is possible for any human being so to die, of a broken heart. His brother William was killed in France fighting in the British army. Sir Roger Casement, found guilty of the mean act of trying to tempt captured soldiers from their allegiance by offers of comfort and food and money, was deprived of his knighthood and hanged by the neck until he was dead. The lawyer employed by the Crown to conduct the case for the prosecution of Casement was that self-same Frederick Edwin Smith who had galloped so blithely and in such safety through Ulster before the war began. The humble galloper had ceased from rebellious behaviour after August 4, 1914, and had entered the army, in which, with breath-bereaving rapidity, he rose to the rank of a colonel. He went to France and took a look at the war, but not liking it much, returned to England in time to become a Law Officer in the first Coalition Government, and work (with unique venom) for the hanging of Casement. Thereafter, he rose in rank and authority, and to-day he is the Baron Birkenhead, the Lord Chancellor of England.

And unto him is added Lord Carson of Duncairn, who manifested less lust for the blood of Germans than

he had manifested for the blood of Home Rule Irishmen. It is said that Sir Edward was too old to lead the Ulster Volunteers to France, and perhaps he was; but William Redmond, who was under no obligations to the English people, was not much younger, if younger at all, than Sir Edward, and he went to France and died in the firing-line.

That is the brief history, which, I think, helps one to believe that the world is at present possessed of a devil.

II

Sir Edward Henry Carson is one of the most interesting examples of the power of a man to rise to authority without any known capacity to exercise authority wisely. His career, as a politician, has been singularly barren of constructive achievements. His name, so far from being identified with any measure of social amelioration, is notoriously associated with every effort to prevent social amelioration. Whenever there was a wrong to be righted, Sir Edward Carson was in the forefront of the battle insisting that the wrong should be maintained. It was not until the beginning of the Home Rule campaign which immediately preceded the outbreak of the war that he began to occupy a position of great note, and then, true to his character, he put himself at the head of the men who were in the wrong and threatened with such success to raise Cain in Ireland that the Kaiser was emboldened to raise Cain in Europe. Politically, he has been an obstructionist of the worst type, the obstructionist who causes destruction. No fair-minded student of the Irish problem can fail to perceive that Sir Edward Carson's behaviour in Ireland, in the past ten years, is directly responsible for the horrible misery in which that country is now flung; and it may very well be that when the historians are able to detect the causes of the late war, they will find that not the most inconsiderable of them was the present Lord Carson of Duncairn.

He is sixty-seven years of age, a man with a heavy, dark, consumed look: a rather more melodramatic Henry Irving playing the part of a rather more saturnine Eugene Aram. His eyes are full of the melancholy wrath of a man who is tortured, partly by doubt of others, but chiefly by doubt of himself. His speech is most emphatic when he is least certain of his judgment, and he bangs the table with his fist, less to impress his audience, than to encourage himself. He has the strength and assertion of a bewildered ox. He plunges and paws and snorts and bellows, but his rage is empty rage and because it is empty, it is ineffective. A righteous man can move mountains by his wrath, but an unrighteous man can not even move himself.

I am sometimes rebuked by my friends for the violence of my language against Sir Edward Carson. They tell me that he has charming and attractive manners. Most reactionaries have. Nero probably was a most agreeable companion, and we know that he had a gift for improvising on the fiddle. The ex-Crown Prince of Germany is reported, by all who know him, to be a man of the most affable habits. I do not doubt that Torquemada had such genial ways that he almost persuaded his victims to feel they were guilty of bad taste in objecting to the rack and the thumbscrew. The Borgias must have had considerable powers of allurements! . . . The man who would bring the world a little nearer to balance and equity is as likely as not a man of abrupt and sharp, even harsh, manner. He loves mankind in the abstract so much that when he contemplates mankind in the concrete, he loses his temper. It is your reactionary, your tyrant, your wilful disturber of the world's peace who can smile and smile and be a villain.

When I am recommended to speak more tactfully of Sir Edward Carson, I am driven to decline the advice when I remember that he, more than any man, has brought Ireland to a condition of horror and misery. The only crumb of comfort any Irishman has these days is the thought that Sir Edward, though he made much mischief in the world, did not prevent some sort of self-government, even the aborted sort we know, from coming to Ireland, and, irony of ironies! to the very province which declared that it would never have self-government at all. I do not know how much of truth there is in the official explanation of his absence from the opening by King George of the Ulster Parliament, but I do know that the relationship between him and his former followers is hardly so fervent as it was. Obscurity, having released Sir Edward Carson for a while, has now claimed him once more for her own; and we can only hope that he will remain there.

III

I will not close this article without a prophecy. I have always believed that the solution of the Irish problem will be found by Ulstermen; and I prophesy, not a Republic for Ireland, but a Government of Ireland by Irishmen imposed upon the whole of Ireland by Ulstermen. The Irish Catholic is incapable of sustained and high leadership, although he is capable of the most selfless devotion to a leader. Most of those who have led the Irish Nationalist movement, and all of the ablest of them, have been Irish Protestants. I believe that in time, and perhaps, soon, the Irish people will be led to the status of a self-governing race by an Ulster Protestant; and I am sustained in that belief by the great gift of the Ulsterman for leadership. One person in every ten in the United States of America is of Irish origin, yet no one of Irish Catholic birth has ever been President of that country. Three men of Ulster Protestant origin have had that honour; and it may very well be that Sir James Craig, an Ulsterman to his backbone, who set out to consult Mr. de Valera on a possible arrangement of Parliaments, will end by commanding him to complete obedience.

ST. JOHN ERVINE.

IN A NEW REPUBLIC.

BEHIND a cracked windowpane mended with tapes of paper, Things sit in forlorn conclave. In the centre is the swagbellied shine of a big samovar, dented a little, the whistle on top askew, dust in the mouldings of the handles. Under it, scattered over a bit of moth-chewed black velvet, are two silver Georgian sword-scabbards, some silver cups chased with a spinning sinewy pattern, a cracked carafe full of mould, some watches—two of them Swiss in tarnished hunting-cases; one an Ingersoll, quite new, with an illuminated dial—several thick antique repeaters, a pair of Dresden candlesticks, some lace, a pile of cubes of cheap soap, spools of thread, packets of pins. Back in the shop a yellow-faced old man droops over a counter on which are a few bolts of cheap printed calicos. Along the walls are an elaborate Turkish tabouret inlaid with mother-of-pearl, a mahogany dressing-table without its mirror and some iron wash-stands. The wrinkles have gathered into a deep cleft between the old man's brows; his eyes have the furtive snarl of a dog disturbed on a garbage-pile. He looks out through narrowed pupils at the sunny littered street, where lean-faced men sit with their heads in their hands along the irregular curb, and an occasional droshky goes by, pulled by boney racks of horses, where soldiers loaf idly in doorways.

The old man is the last guardian of Things. Here, in Batum, possessions, portable objects, personal effects, Things, that have been the goal and prize of life, the great centre of all effort, to be sweat for and striven for and cheated for by all generations, have somehow lost their import and crumbled away and been trampled underfoot. The people who limp hungrily along the rough-paved streets never glance into the windows of the speculators' shops, never stop to look enviously at the objects that perhaps they once owned. They seem to have forgotten Things.

Only an occasional foreigner, off a steamer in the harbour, enters the old man's shop, to haggle for this trinket or that, to buy jewels to re-sell in Europe, or goes into back rooms, behind locked doors, to paw over furs or rugs that can be smuggled out of the country only after endless chaffering and small bribery. The night before we got to Batum, the boat was full of talk of this and that which might be picked up for nothing, *pour un rien, per piccolo prezzo*. People scrubbed up their wits, overhauled their ways and means, like fishermen their tackle the night before the opening of the trout-season.

Strolling through the tree-shaded streets of Batum one sees, as one glances into the houses, mostly high, empty rooms, here and there a bed or a table, some cooking-utensils, a scrap of mosquito-netting or a lace curtain across an open window. All the intricate paraphernalia, all the small shiny and fuzzy and tasseled objects that once padded the walls of existence have melted away. Perhaps most of them vanished during the war, under the grinding wheels of so many invading and occupying armies, the Russians, the Germans, the British, the Turks, the Georgians, resisting the Bolsheviks, and lastly the Red Army. Now, after these years of constant snatching and pillage, of frequent terrified trundling of cherished objects into hiding-places seems to have come apathy. People lie all day on the pebbly beach in front of the town, stripped of their rags, baking in the sun, now and then dipping into the long green swells that roll off the Black Sea, or sit chatting in groups under the palms of the curious higgledy-piggledy Elysium of the Boulevard along the water front. With half-starvation has come a quiet effortlessness probably sweeter than one might expect, something like the delicious sleep that comes, they say, over men who are freezing to death.

Meanwhile, the poor remnants of what people persist in calling civilization lie huddled, tarnished and dusty, in the windows of the second-hand dealers. Things useful and useless, well-made and clumsily made, and little by little they are wafted away West in return for dollars and lire and English pounds and Turkish pounds that lie in the hoards with which the dealers, the men with the eyes of dogs frightened on a garbage-pile, await the second coming of their lord.

II

There is a bright sliver of the moon in the sky. On the horizon of a sea, sheening green and lilac like the breast of a pigeon, a huge sun swells red to bursting. Palmfronds and broad leaves of planes flutter against a darkening zenith. In the space of dust, outside of their barracks, Georgian soldiers are gathering lazily into a circle. They wear ragged greyish uniforms, some with round fur caps, some with the pointed felt helmets of the Red army. Many of them are barefoot. From off them blows a sweaty smell, discouraged, underfed. One man, seated, starts thumping with his palms a double shuffle on a small kettledrum held between his legs. The rest beat time,

by clapping, until one man breaks out into a frail lilt-ing melody. He stops at the end of a couple of phrases, and a young fellow, blond, sprucely dressed, with a clean white fur cap on the back of his head, starts dancing. The rest keep time with their hands and sing Tra-la-la, Tra-la-la to the tune in a crooning undertone. The dance is elegant, mincing, with turkey-like struttings and swift hunting-gestures, something in it of the elaborate, slightly farded, romance of Eastern chivalry. One can imagine silver swords and spangled wallets and gaudy silk belts with encrusted buckles. Perhaps it is a memory that makes the men's eyes gleam so, as they beat time, a memory of fine horses and long inlaid guns and toasts drunk endlessly out of drinking horns, and of other more rousing songs sung in the mountains at night of the doughty doings of the Knight of the Pantherskin.

III

On the walls of the theatre are some crude squares of painting in black and white, a man with a pick, a man with a shovel, a man with a gun. The shadows are so much exaggerated that they look like ginger-bread men. Certainly the man who painted them had not done many figures before in his life. The theatre is a long tin shed that used to be a cabaret show of some sort, the audience mostly workmen and soldiers in white tunics open at the neck, and women in white muslin dresses. Many of the men and all the children are barefoot, and only a few of the women wear stockings. When the curtain goes up all romping and chattering stop immediately; every one is afraid of missing a word of what is said on the stage. It is a foolish enough play, an early-Victorian "sob-story," about a blind girl and a good brother and a wicked brother, and a bad marquis and a frequently fainting marquise, but the young people who play it—none of them ever acted before the Red army entered Batum three months ago—put such conviction into it that one can not quite hold aloof from the very audible emotion of the audience during the ticklish moments of the dagger-fight between the frail good brother and the wicked and hearty elder brother who has carried off the little blind girl against her will. When, at last, all wrongs are righted, and the final curtain falls on felicity, one can not help but feel, that in the lives of these people who crowd out through the dilapidated ex-beergarden in front of the theatre, the bareness of the hungry living-rooms and barracks they go home to have somehow been compensated for. In the stamping and the abandon with which the two heroes fought was an atom of some untrammelled expression which might perhaps replace in people's hopes and lives the ruined dynasty of Things.

IV

The secretary of the commission for schools recently set up in Batum was a black-haired man, hawk-nosed, hollow-eyed, with a three-day growth of beard. Under-nourishment and overwork had made his eyes a little bloodshot and given them a curious intense stare. He had a sheaf of pink papers in front of him on which he scribbled an occasional hasty word as if pressed for time. He spoke French with difficulty, digging it up word by word from some long-forgotten layer of his mind. He talked about the school-system the Russians were introducing into the new Republic of Adjara, of which Batum was the capital. He explained how children's summer-colonies had already been started in several villages, how every effort was being made to get equipment ready to open the primary and secondary schools at the end of September. All education is to be by work, nothing without

actual touch; he spread wide his hands, angular tortured painful hands, and closed them with a gesture of laying hold on some slippery reality. The words he used, too, were concrete, of the soil. From the very first, work . . . In summer, in the fields, the children must cultivate gardens, raise rabbits, bees, chickens, learn how to take care of cattle. They must go into the forests and learn about trees. Everything they must learn by touch . . . Then, in the winter, they must study their native languages and Esperanto. There will be schools here for Armenians, Greeks, Moslems, Georgians, Russians. The rudiments of sociology, arithmetic, wood-working, cooking, will be taught; for in our new republic every man must be able to attend to his wants himself. That will be the primary education. You see, nothing by theory, everything by practice. Then the secondary education will be more specialized, preparation for trades and occupations. Those who finish at the high schools can go to the universities to do independent work in the directions they have chosen. You see, merit will be according to work, not by theories or examinations. All through the school-course there will be instruction in music and gymnastics and the theatre; the arts must be open to anyone who wants to work in them. But most important will be nature; the young children must be all the time in the fields and forests, among the orchards where there are bees. It is in the little children that all our hope lies . . .

V

The daily train from Batum to Tiflis crawls along the flanks of a sun-seared valley, with a river winding silvery in the bottom of it. There are ragged people sitting on top of the coaches, and hanging in clusters from each doorway, and jamming the passageways. From the windows of the bug-smelling, sweat-smelling sleeping-compartments peer out hot travel-grimed faces. On a siding, we pass the long train of the Second Tank Division of the Red Army, an engine, then box cars, on the steps of them blond young soldiers lolling. Few of them look more than eighteen, they are barefoot and scantily dressed in canvas trousers and tunics. They look comfortable and at their ease, sitting dangling their legs from the roofs and steps of the box cars and sleepers. It is impossible to distinguish the officers from their men. From out the big club-car, with posters in the windows, boys lean out to wave at friends in the passing train. Beyond the club-car, come flat cars with equipment, and a row of big green-splotched tanks. "A gift of the British," says some one beside me. "They were Denikin's."

The Tiflis train, with its cars jammed with humanity and vermin, gathers speed and tilts round a bend. At the sight of the green tanks, a look of relief and pleasure comes over the sweating faces in the windows.

In my compartment, a banker from Batum starts explaining why there are no more political parties in Russia. "Now these words Bolshevik, Menshevik, Socialist, have no meaning," he says. "Whether we are conscious of it or not, we are only Russians."

JOHN DOS PASSOS.

THE SCHIEBER'S DOMAIN.

THE *Schieber* (French *Mercanti*; there is, as far as I know, no English equivalent) is the most interesting business phenomenon of Central Europe, and has been so for the last few years. It is not that he is peculiar to that part of the world, or to conditions prevalent there. The *Schieber* is a universal phenomenon, inalienable from the commercial system, and more or

less in evidence as the times are troubled or calm. But the paradise of the *Schieber*, the place where he may be found in the fulness of perfection, is the Central Europe of to-day.

What is a *Schieber*? The word itself comes from the German *schieben*, to shove, push, slide, anything in general and, in this particular instance, merchandise. The man himself was not unknown in Central Europe before the war, but he was then a pathetic and even contemptible figure. He was the anxious, scurrying little person who frequented the Bourse, the factories, the warehouses, the public markets, prepared to buy anything, to sell anything. He had neither trade nor profession, or any particular branch of business. He lived, or subsisted, by a series of lucky business deals, generally of a minor nature; to-day a commission on a job-lot of Hungarian wines, to-morrow the quick purchase and re-sale of a carload of wheat stranded by the refusal of a purchaser. In those days of steady markets and reliable business, he was a shabby little fellow, tolerated because he was rare, and even welcomed occasionally as a kind of useful scavenger-parasite.

To-day the *Schieber* is the dominating figure in the business world of Central Europe. The drying-up of the regular channels of supply, and the cessation of all reliable production and transportation, have ushered in the golden age of the *Schieber*. In the midst of want, uncertainty and irregularity, his peculiar genius comes into its own. To buy quick, to sell quick (sometimes even before the act of purchase) to ask no questions as to the source and ultimate use of his merchandise, to show an almost inhuman ingenuity in ferreting out stocks, in placing them, in guessing the exchange-rates of a week hence, in discovering the only available means of transportation, to be ready for any trading-adventure, here, there, and anywhere; these are the marks of the *Schieber*, and these are the only qualifications that go to make money on the grand scale in Central Europe to-day.

As often as not the *Schieber* has neither a business office nor records. He passes his mornings and afternoons in the business hotels, sniffing business afar off. In Vienna, his centre is the Grand Hotel, on the Kärntner Ring; in Berlin, it is the Continental, the Excelsior, and the Adlon. He does not, as a rule, ask for goods. He seldom sees, and never inspects, what he buys or sells. He asks for documents: he is, in reality, a document-dealer. The documents may relate to sugar, iron-mongery, chemicals, wheat, cloth, coffee, metal rails, photographic supplies. All's grist that comes to his mill.

Easy come, easy go, is the money-motto of the *Schieber*. The greater the unrest, the greater the distress, the quicker his gains. The cabarets of the Kurfürstendamm and the Friedrichstrasse in Berlin, of the Ring and the Inner City in Vienna, are noisy with the hordes of him. He is the unscrupulous and infinitely agile amateur in business. He is the business man without a business.

But the *Schieber* is only the outward and visible expression of the dominant *motif* in the life of Central Europe to-day; a *motif* blended of weariness and disillusionment. They were poor prophets who foretold that the sacrifices of war would cleanse humanity, lift it to cleaner and purer ideals. The soldiers returning from defeat were animated by a single impulse—to make money. They saw the hopeless poverty of the many, the incredible luxury of the few. They heard marvellous tales of fortunes made over night,

of vast sums earned by a stroke of the pen. Every social circle had its tale of this one or that one who had been a beggar in 1914, or even in 1917, and was a multimillionaire when the war ended. Visions of fabulous fortunes made without labour, without production, dazzled every class of society. A fever set in, not the normal desire for money-making, but a hysterical longing for vast riches, miraculously acquired.

The making of money by the production of goods is a comparatively slow and responsible business, and calls for special abilities and special training. In Central Europe—and particularly in Austria, Hungary and Poland—it is at present the riskiest of all business occupations. In July, 1919, I changed a dollar for thirty kronen in Vienna, and for twenty-five marks in Warsaw. Two months ago, I received 750 kronen for a dollar, and almost as many Polish marks as I could carry away. Who dare buy raw material under such conditions? Who dare make plans for more than a week ahead? The only way to make money is the *Schieber's* way—he toils not, neither does he spin. His way, obviously, is the right one.

And so the "money-for-nothing" delirium set in. Every one looked for quick and effortless transactions, in merchandise, shares or exchange. The sickness spread to the workingman, to the merchant, the housewife, even to school-children. Men who, before the war, had dealt in only one line of trade for twenty and thirty years, suddenly branched out into every other line: the jeweller sold flour and sugar, the grocer dealt in clothes and iron, the dentist and doctor carried on transactions in machinery and building-material. Money, quick money, without work!—that was the watchword.

The craze has entered the schools and high schools, where a lively traffic goes on in books and pencils. In Warsaw, I have seen children peddling their sugar-cards. Themselves unable to buy their ration of sugar, even at controlled prices, they sell their privilege to those who can afford to buy two rations. In the cafés of Vienna, young boys peddle goods of doubtful origin.

A new and curious industry has arisen in certain parts of Central Europe. As soon as a shop announces the arrival of new supplies, a long queue of purchasers, each one armed with his ration-cards, takes up its stand outside the store for hours before the doors open. Those who can afford the extra cost, hire children to do the waiting for them. In Warsaw, in 1919, I was informed that the regular price for waiting was a mark an hour—and hundreds of children were regularly engaged in the business.

Governmental control of various foods and other necessities has been a blessing to the *Schieber*. In Austria, until last May, the tobacco-ration was five cigarettes a day, at two kronen a cigarette. But whosoever has the money can buy, in any restaurant, as many hundreds of cigarettes as he wants, at four hundred kronen the hundred. Milk is only for invalids and children—at controlled prices. At twice the controlled price, you can swim in milk—if you know the right people. And this is equally true of Berlin and Warsaw, as it was of Paris during the war.

How these supplies are smuggled into the country and kept out of governmental control, how they are distributed and sold in such enormous quantities—this is the *Schieber's* secret. Whether it is bribery, or influence, or both, these are obviously not methods that are likely to appeal to the traditions or capacities of the regular *ante-bellum* merchant, whose ingenuity and

mendacity, such as they were, had been trained in a different direction. But the *Schieber* is thoroughly at home in this world of corruption and intrigue. He thrives in it, welcomes it, fosters it.

The normal milieu of the *Schieber* is the abnormal. I have heard business men in Paris discuss the commercial advantages that would follow the occupation of the Ruhr. I have heard Germans in Berlin, who were owners of property in the Ruhr, wish for French occupation, for the sake of the business opportunities it would afford them. Wherever there is war, or rumours of war, revolution or industrial unrest, wherever production and transportation fail, there the *Schieber* flourishes. The resumption of production, distribution, and exchange through reputable channels, would mean the disappearance of the *Schieber*. What unseen influence against this return to stable business conditions is consciously or unconsciously exerted by the *Schieber* as such, and even more by the *Schieber-toxin* that runs riot in the population of Central Europe to-day, would make an interesting subject of study.

Meanwhile, in the heart of the stricken city of Vienna, the massive War Offices of the former Austro-Hungarian monarchy rise up into the heavens, and across the city still glowers in golden letters the ironic motto: *Si Vis Pacem Para Bellum*.

MAURICE SAMUEL.

DUBLIN IMPRESSIONS: I.

AT the open session of the Dail Eireann this noon, I heard the representatives of four million Irish people repeat firmly that the British Premier's offer is unacceptable and that, although they want peace, they will not negotiate for it except on equal terms freely granted to freemen.

This will make London angry, of course, but somehow I have a curious conviction that it will make New York even more angry. I can imagine how the American editors are raging. I can imagine the long lectures they are reading to an inattentive little nation, lectures on letting bygones be bygones, on the beauties of a place in a federation of free British Commonwealths. In a world of flux and vast uncertainty, it is a sort of a comfort to reflect that one can always count upon the studied and accomplished reaction of the whorish press of the U. S. A.!

But this is not London, nor New York; this is Dublin. Here the rod will fall, if it falls at all. Here the Black-and-Tans will run amuck. What of Dublin?

Your first impression on reaching Dublin is that it is every inch a capital—an Old World capital. Its streets are broad and well-paved. Its public buildings have spaciousness and dignity, age and charm. Its brick villas have a comfortable Continental air. The famous Dublin slums—the best-advertised slums in the world!—are no worse, to casual view, than similar plague-spots in Chicago or Pittsburgh or New York. These slums have invaded some of the historic old streets north of the River Liffey but there is still many a thoroughfare of fine old Georgian houses put to dignified uses. Mr. George Moore was struck with the faded gentility of Dublin; it seemed to me merely arrested gentility; it is all there, ready to blossom again. The lawns and parks are intensely green and well kept up. Grafton Street where Dubliners "shop" is not so overwhelmingly plutocratic as Fifth Avenue, but then, what other thoroughfare in the whole world is? In short, you realize quite poignantly—even though a stranger—that if Dublin is destroyed in this struggle, some Old World beauty will have gone for ever; you wish vaguely that the brunt of the fighting might pass to Belfast which, with all due respect to Mr. St. John Ervine, is unquestionably one of the seven dreariest cities in the world.

Your next strong impression—and it is very strong indeed—is that Dublin is saturated with intense and very

recent history. Things have been happening here only yesterday. Not only do you see the Custom House in ruins on the banks of the Liffey, and the blank staring walls of the General Post Office, destroyed in the Easter Rebellion, but the people you meet, all of them, bear the marks of the struggle, everybody has been either a sniper or a snipee.

"Here's where I was wounded in the Easter Rebellion," says a Dublin girl casually, tapping the curb with her pointed toe. Everybody in Dublin has been raided. Mrs. Alice Stopford Green has been raided five or six times by the Black-and-Tans, who seem, perhaps rightly, to have been uneasy about the history she has been writing! About 6000 Irish men and women are still imprisoned or interned, of whom about 3000, it is alleged, have not even been tried. Not that a trial matters much but still, like all of us, the Irish admire a certain degree of constitutionalism in others.

At your quiet, immaculate hotel what do you see? A couple of dozen British officers in mufti, indulging in a short vacation—much tennis, some polo, much bitter talk of being transferred to India, Mesopotamia, anywhere out of this. It is a ragged, unpromising life for them; they get no credit if they win and they are disgraced if they lose. In addition, you see half-a-dozen French newspaper-correspondents. It would make a Dublin cab-horse laugh to see the way the French press—which is, of course, violently anti-British just now—has suddenly discovered with a shudder the age-long grievances of Ireland! These French journalists are not as volatile as they are painted; on the contrary, they are rather pokily industrious fellows given to copying depressing Irish statistics at the Irish National Library. You feel that Albion is going to get well panned on the Parisian boulevards to-night! Finally, there are the very much depressed English journalists. They are decent fellows like Mr. Hugh Martin of the London *Daily News* and that courteous, sensitive, ruddy-cheeked veteran, Mr. Henry W. Nevinnson of the London *Nation*. Their outlook is gloomy. They want the beastly butchery to cease and they fear that the intransigence of Sinn Fein will only prolong it. They are anti-imperialists, but they look for the reform of the Empire, not its disruption. They are conscious of Ulster. Their admiration of Sinn Fein is sincere, but it is complicated; it is English.

But your hotel, as you speedily realize, is really British territory. When you step out of it into Dublin proper, all is different. The streets are swarming with people who have their heads in the air. There is a gaiety, an assurance, a mental, physical, and spiritual alertness for which you are not at all prepared. Between a stolid English crowd, listening self-consciously to a Hyde Park orator, and these self-starting, eight-cylindered Dublin throngs, there is a striking difference.

Much of this élan is, of course, sheer physical relief at the ending of the reign of terror. But you also feel when you talk with people, a sense of solidarity, a sense of confidence in the cleanness and the vision of their leaders, a sense of spiritual integrity which would be enormously exhilarating to any people. Sentimentality has long been out of fashion here; the oratorical, as such, is going out of fashion. The Gael who is merely a West Briton is a poor thing; he suffers from frustration and from imitation. But the Gael who is a Gael, who trusts himself, his own instincts, will have something enormously interesting to contribute to the world.

One is tempted to linger over these details instead of hurrying on to something that is called the "issue" because in Dublin these details acquire a curious importance. Perhaps it is hopeless to expect Englishmen to display much imagination in this matter, but Americans, at any rate, ought to realize that when Sinn Fein negotiates with Great Britain at this time, it is in the same sort of atmosphere, with the same sort of intense distrust, as would have existed, let us say, for example, if the world had made a ring around Germany and Belgium in 1914, and if Sinn Fein Belgium had had to get Germany off

her soil by force and negotiation. Belgium would be profoundly excited about it. She would reject German *Kultur* with passion. She would sound, perhaps, a little "extreme," a little unreasonable. The *New York Times* would, doubtless, deplore the "doctrinaire" character of her arguments. Elderly pacifists in high places would argue that world-peace can be assured when all of us are gathered into a few great highly civilized empires of which Germany-plus-Belgium should obviously be one; but, through it all, Belgium would be saying hotly, recklessly, passionately, "No! No! No!"

To many, no doubt, this analogy will seem forced. But that is not the point. The point is that to the vast majority of the Irish people whom you encounter here it seems absolutely valid. As they read and understand their own history, it is the story of one long unceasing effort to kick the English "governing class"—the product of the English public school—out of Ireland; to kick him out with what they feel is his instinct for "fagging"; to kick him out with his indurated sense of caste, with his atrocious official manners, his own British variety of chicane, his lack of humour, his callousness towards all but his own sort.

The Irish are perfectly aware of the "economic argument," and they use it skilfully in converting the visitor. They take you in hand promptly and load you with apt and pertinent material until your hotel room looks like the den of a pamphleteer. But you can't help feeling that, in a way, these pamphlets are all beside the point; you feel after a while that the economic exploitation of Ireland by England might cease to-morrow without greatly modifying the situation; you feel that there has been burned into the Gael a deep and passionate hatred, not necessarily of the individual Englishman, but a hatred of the very image of John Bull.

CHARLES THOMAS HALLINAN.

THE PYGMY AND THE HEIGHTS.

It is a common epigram that to be a mountaineer one must have a strong back and a weak mind. But quite aside from the fact that the risk which a skilled mountaineer takes is seldom greater than the risk which is taken when one drives one's motor-car fifty miles an hour, it is by no means demonstrable that it is foolish to risk one's life. At the worst, mountaineers are voluntary climbers, and risk nobody's life but their own. There is a great deal of talk—but very little practice—about hazarding one's life for a principle. Thus the soldier on the battlefield is persuaded that he takes a sacrificial risk for "democracy," and though he gets very little pleasure out of it, nobody calls him a fool—or not with impunity. But let the mountaineer risk his life for one of the most exalted pleasures known to man, the intoxication of the imagination, and behold the dwellers in the plain rise in mass and call him foolish. But only the mountaineer knows anything about the wild delights into which he climbs, or has ever heard the siren-whispers of the peak. Nobody else, therefore, is competent to pass judgment upon his wisdom or his folly. It is enough that for him the reward is worth the risk; and, after all, who else is concerned?

A snow-capped mountain, seen from afar, rising from the plain and the blue foothills which surround it, and hanging like a dream against the sky, is a beautiful thing. One comes to love it, to turn toward it every day. Japan has made a holy place of Fuji, and the people of Portland, Oregon, are only a little less worshipful of Mount Hood, speaking of it with pantheistic affection. The beauty of a snow-peak, however, increases as you approach it, and familiarity with a great mountain breeds awe and humility and challenges those unknown reserves of human power which William James used to talk about. It puts the pygmy in his place—and then it rewards him with a new feeling of self-respect.

One of the finest mountaineers I know, six-feet-one of hardened steel muscle, with a resourceful technique that never fails him, once stood beside me above the last tor-

tured tree at timber-line and looked up beyond the spines of naked lava and the vast inclines of glittering snow, to the ice-hung precipices of the summit-crag sharply outlined against the pink dawn-sky, and drawing a deep breath, he murmured passionately: "It's so big. . . . My God, it's so big!"

An hour later we were roped together, and out on the first traverse, and he was cutting every step we took from sun-up till one o'clock, in order to conquer that bigness.

Were you ever out on a wide traverse far up on the side of a great snow-mountain? Don't talk of foolishness unless you have been! Bound to a few of your fellow-pygmy by the slender thread of an alpine rope, with nothing but your alpenstock driven into the snow and the spikes in your boots set into the tiny, chopped-out steps to give you a hold on the perilous incline, you look up and up a narrowing chute of white to the summit-pinnacles, and you look down and down upon a great field of white tilted at an angle of forty, fifty, sixty degrees, dropping away from you for five thousand feet into the bottomless cavern of the cañon! Even the summit itself is less thrilling, for though the height is so much the greater, there is no vast snow-field towering above.

Across the traverse, you climb perhaps one hundred, two hundred, three hundred feet at an angle so close to the perpendicular that it is only just possible to conquer it by cutting each step in the snow or in the blue glacial ice, and thus attain a spine that leads you toward the peak. It is hard, monotonous work, and your eyes burn despite your goggles, with the snow-glare so close to your face. But wait till you hit that same spot on the descent! You do not, of course, descend forwards, but neither do you descend backwards, as you would come down a ladder. You stand with your left side to the wall, drive in your stock, and swing your left foot behind the right, down to the next step, immediately sinking the right foot to the step below that. Then you brace yourself, extract your stock, and drive it home again two steps lower down.

Once you have mastered the rhythm of this method, you can descend an almost precipitous snow-wall, using the stairway of steps which you made in the early morning, with approximate rapidity. But each time that you swing down your left foot behind your right, you look between your arms, as your hands grasp the alpenstock, to see where your foot is going, and in that glimpse you see not only the step for your foot, but the top of the head of the man below you, and beneath him, it may be, the bottom of the snow-field, or perhaps the great hole of the cañon thousands of feet below. You are a crawling fly on the side wall of tremendousness, yet a fly who has willed, and dared, and conquered. There is no sensation quite like it.

Or only one. That is the sensation which comes to you after you have crossed the traverse on the return, when the low sun has sending long blue shadows from the lava spines out across the glacial slopes, and you turn and look upon the track of your ascent. It goes back from your heels, a tiny dotted line across the great incline of white, and then shoots straight up the mountain-side, till near the top it runs into a shadow that shades the slope, and then the tracks seem to your deceived vision actually to curve outward as well as upward! You have accomplished the impossible, you have defied the law of gravitation! How infinitesimal those tracks now appear across the great traverse and up the shoulder, yet each one was cut with your ax and broadened by the tread of your boots. No steps, perhaps, were ever there before. To-morrow's sun will see that no steps remain. But for one glorious, memorable day you have scaled the heights of immensity and left your mark on the sky-borne, eternal snows.

Let him talk of the folly of climbing who has climbed—if any climber can be found to do it. But let all others be silent.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

LETTERS FROM A DISTANCE: XVI.

MY TENT, SOUTH AFRICA. July, 1921.

SHAMEFUL, shameful, shameful! I could write that word all down the page. Eusebius, my friend, it should be plastered all over the British Empire so that those who live within its borders, might be brought to a sense of the obscene things that are done in their name. If they like them, well and good, but at least let us make a clear distinction between a magnificent demonstration of power and a dirty trick. I would call a demonstration of power magnificent if it were disinterested, otherwise it is a dirty trick, for it is a vile thing to use power simply because you possess it, which seems to have been the sole occupation of the victorious Governments since the armistice. It is as though they could not believe their luck, and had to plunge into the wildest extravagances in order to persuade themselves and their populations of the reality of their victory. Unemployment brings it home clearly enough that victory means the destruction of your market, first abroad and then at home. Oh! What an ignoble thought, cry the Pharisees, to think of markets when it is a question of victory and honour! To which there is but the one reply in two ancient words: *noblesse oblige*, words which should have governed every thought, every move, if not during the war then from the moment the guns ceased firing. But in place of those words, two others have been substituted: Popularity compels—and there is no saving clause. The baboons in the mountains are decent people compared with human beings living under a tyranny so stupid: any creature that lives under the law of give and take retains its dignity; while men and women lose theirs when they erase the word *give* and bind themselves to the word *take* which is half the law and worse than none at all.

In a week's time, I shall be moving further and further away from the shame of it all, deeper into the tropics, deeper into the life of this African earth which has not yet been pillaged and debauched to pay for the gambling and luxury of peoples that are perishing for lack of vision—Jones (the best of horses) Malekebu and I, and a wagon with tents and provisions; all day in the saddle, all night until sleep comes, dreaming and sinking into the throbbing music of the African evening, frogs, cicadas, owls, night-jars, the wind in the trees and the long grass. It is cold now at night and we keep the fire alight until the sun is well up in the morning, for the extremes of heat and cold put a strain on heart and nerves; a strain that is all to the good in accentuating resistance to the vulgar horrors of the Higher Imperialism, with reference to which I am beginning to feel as Abraham Lincoln felt about slavery. The thing is unclean, a pollution and a corruption and nothing good can be done in its name. There is no room for compromise with it, and those who feel its filthiness should denounce its devotees in season and out, not waiting to criticize their actions, but declaring roundly in the name of humanity that they are by their professions unfit to act. That which has to be maintained by force should not be maintained at all. There is nothing in this world that, if it be not honourably held, is not better done without.

You will guess, my dear Eusebius, that I have been reading the English newspapers. It is most dismally ludicrous to see affairs shaping as I foretold they would in 1915 and onwards from then. There is no great mystery in prophecy. Events proceed from character, and it was obvious in 1914 that the British people had not the vigour to rise to their opportunity but were content to rely upon their wealth and naval power, letting even their prestige go by the board. The rest follows inevitably, the greedy overreaching peace treaty, the industrial collapse—and afterwards? Some kind of consolidation of the European debt and a sorry crawling into the new order instead of a splendid marching, not stiffly as soldiers do, but with a free carriage, millions moving in the sweet harmony of a full rhythm. I had a vision of such a march when I was in America; the potential rhythm of it is there and created in me a clear picture of that great march of a free people, not deadened by the beat, beat, beat of a military measure, but quickened—a movement as free as that of the clouds in the wind. There was no transfiguration about it: that is invisible even to the vision's eye; but

there were men as they are when marching to the music of a spontaneous purpose, caught up and moved by a power deeper and greater than their own passions.

I do not know why I write of this now, for it has been a deeply hugged secret, this knowledge that there is in the world the germ of a great fulfilment. Perhaps it is the only answer to the shame of what is being done in Europe, and perhaps there is in me a hunger that when this grandly fertile and most lovely land is claimed for the populations of exhausted Europe, the vices of their old life shall be plucked out and they shall come to virgin soil sweet and worthy of it. Hunger there certainly is in me, though that may not be its precise object and it is very necessary to be precise, for which reason I avoid distraction and concentrate in order to miss no faintest clue, no most softly whispered hint of the power that can and will master the organization of the barbarous in man and turn it into the organization of his human and social senses.

Baudelaire wrote a bitter poem about travelling and the bitter sense of the desired country being always further on; but Baudelaire, I think, must have had an agonizingly clear perception of the ending, abrupt and marvellous of the French literary genius in himself. He knew that France was like the Parisian old women of whom he wrote so hauntedly and hauntingly, and that after old age is nothing. When the old die, the young breathe freely and plunge into their work. So it is now. The old nations die, but there are no young nations. There are young people, that is all; young people whose youth has been blasted by tragedy that they must comprehend before they can taste their youth. That youth they will keep until the labour of comprehension is over: then a swift intoxicating taste of it, a great effort of deliverance for those who shall come after them, and a vision of the sons of humanity, like John Brown's spirit marching on.

The loyalty of the young to the old has been cancelled, for the old have betrayed the young, who have no loyalty now save to their successors. The Britain for which millions died, went down into their graves with them. The young people now have nothing definite to serve except those coming after them, whose business will be definition. The business now is repudiation, of the lies of 1914, of the lies that led up to them, of the lies bred by them; and it is a business that is going forward at a steady pace, thanks to the interruption of conventional existence and the gap in succession of humbug created by the year of disturbance. The succession will be resumed, a new humbug will be created; but a technique will be evolved for dealing with it and to avoid confusing humbug with real experience, so that it will be impossible in a few years for anything so tragically comic as the Irish situation to arise with the British Government blowing Ireland to pieces to prevent her from becoming another Serbia, when her aspiration is to become another Denmark.

Have the bellicose nations nothing to learn from the neutrals? The clock did not stop while the Europeans took to the trenches, nor does it stop while they slowly emerge from them. Here in South Africa, for instance, even in this enormous territory, with its absurdly small population, there has been and is still a strangely exciting turning over of the leaves of life. There has been a severance from Europe, and an opening of the eyes to the character of the soil, the light, the climate of the land, and to the response of the various human types to it. In walking, talking, working, lounging, in mental attitude, something specifically South African has emerged. The type is at the stage reached by the American type when Charles Dickens observed and recorded him in "Martin Chuzzlewit," half-way between the pioneer and the citizen, knowing that the hardest work is over and that there will be millions to do what is to come—and waiting for the millions to arrive. Towns are laid out, and left unbuilt; railways are surveyed and left on paper; crops are grown and rot away; cattle are bred and roam the veldt until there is a market for their carcasses; and the inhabitants, waiting for the millions who are to arrive and the genius which is to organize them, wander irresponsibly, ply dozens of trades for which they have no skill, or contract for native labour; and as they wander, catch

something of the black man's fickle happiness, working until the novelty of work has worn off, loafing until there is no more novelty in loafing.

But beneath it all is a deep awakening, which I have found almost everywhere in the world, yet nowhere so strongly as here; an awakening and a feeling of alarm natural enough upon realization of the ending of one phase and the beginning of another, with an awful sense that the phase that is past has not been understood. All the same, there is no doubt about the vitality of this movement towards a new kind of life, and the results of it all will be of immense significance even for America, where a vast community has been built up in such a hurry that many of the deeper essentials of social existence have been overlooked. American journalists are beginning to appear here in Africa, making notes from the Wall Street point of view. They should be countered with writers who are concerned with the most urgent need of the time, social structures. Everything depends on that: the creation of a sense of form in social life, an instinctive response to everything that has form, and a repulsion as instinctive from everything in which form and the tendency towards form is lacking. As Blake said, everything has an outline, and a healthy mind insists on its being observed and respected.

I do not know why, in my speculations, I should be more and more concerned with the health of the American mind; but it is so. I feel that the American mind is dominant in the world, and so I address myself to the formidable task of attempting to understand it and to establish a real relationship with it; the British mind having gone into retirement until such time as the world's ferment shall present it with an accomplished fact to assimilate. The British mind is extraordinarily effective on a basis of accomplished fact; but when facts are in the making, then the British mind resorts to a dour *far niente*.

GILBERT CANNAN.

MISCELLANY.

MR. JOHN COUNOS sends me a vivid glimpse of a scene he witnessed the other day in Piccadilly. ". . . Five minutes before," he writes, "there had been a pair of entertainers on the spot, one singing vaudeville songs, the other dancing and turning somersaults. The grin had hardly disappeared from the faces of the crowd, when the entertainers were replaced by a trio of evangelists. An elderly man bore a placard with the inscription: 'Christ Died for You'; the placard of his companion, an elderly woman, was inscribed: 'The Kingdom of God is at Hand'; the third, a young man with a Jewish face, took up his position between his companions and began the usual exhortation, made up largely of familiar quotations from the Gospels. The bystanders refused to grow solemn, but followed the gestures and words of the speaker with the same grin with which they had watched the antics of the vaudeville artists. They appeared to regard the evangelists as they would regard another 'turn' at the halls.

"'Christ came not only to the Gentiles but to the Jews!' cried the young man. 'I am a Jew myself—'

"This self-evident declaration aroused no astonishment, but only provoked the response: 'Then why did you kill him?'

"The crowd laughed as at a good joke, but the speaker, disregarding the question and the attitude of the crowd, proceeded to tell the story of his conversion; of how he, like Paul before him, had come to see the light.

"'Five years ago,' he began, 'I was in the hospital. I was ill. The doctors had given me up—'

"'Never mind that! Did you do your bit in the war?' some one shouted.

"'I'll deal with you at the proper time,' replied the apostle, as he repeated, 'I was ill. The doctors had given me up—'

"The interrupter, however, refused to be disposed of so easily. He made his way to the speaker and, buttonholing him, asked in a peremptory voice, 'Where are your discharge-papers?'

"The old woman with the placard tried to interpose herself between them. At the same time a soldier, a New Zealander, came forward, and demanded: 'Let the man have his say. He's entitled to free speech.'

"Not if he can't show his discharge-papers,' persisted the interrupter.

"Others stepped forward, and in the altercation the three Evangelists disappeared. The argument, to the great amusement of the crowd, settled down to an exchange of words between the interrupter and a young woman very obviously belonging to Piccadilly.

"Where do you work?" demanded the former in a sarcastic voice.

"What business is it of yours?" retorted the young woman. 'You are nothing but a poltroon and a meddler. First you ask a chap that's not doing anyone any harm for his discharge-papers. Then you want to know where I am working. You are a silly ass, that's what you are.' She snapped her fingers at him, and was about to turn away when she reconsidered. 'What do you want that chap's discharge-papers for, anyhow?' she demanded, and, without waiting for an answer, went on, 'If Christ himself were preaching here, you'd push your meddling face forward, and want to have a look at his discharge-papers. That's the sort of silly ass you are!'

"And with that she walked away."

STATISTICS recently published by some of our religious denominations recall to mind a hope I have long harboured—that sooner or later, some one will write something worth reading on the subject of religion in the United States. Of necessity, the writer will be neither the partisan nor the enemy of organized Christianity, or of regimented religion in any other form. He will be interested primarily in humanity, and in religion as one of the forms of human self-expression. Above all things, he will not toss the whole subject aside, as some of our young bolsheviks are too ready to do, with the statement that there is no religion in America. It may be that religion finds no adequate expression in America; it may be that the religious forms most congenial to our climate are particularly crabbed and sterile; and yet the same thing is perhaps true in as great a measure of some of the other modes of spiritual expression—of sculpture, painting, music, literature. To say this much is to state a problem, not to solve it.

In the case of religion, the problem is interesting because of the variety of forms in which religion has sought expression among us, and the varied histories through which these innumerable forms have passed. Why, for instance, did the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States lose nearly 70,000 members in 1919, while the Roman Catholic Church gained 186,000 members during the same period? Did the war foster a mysticism to which the Protestant denominations were inhospitable? Or was immigration from the Roman Catholic countries particularly heavy, and the accessory factors of death and apostasy particularly busy among Protestants? How did the other cults fare during the same period? Such questions as these are mere matters of detail. The relation between Protestantism and the pioneering spirit; the extraordinary strength of formal dogmatism in the South; the correspondence between denominational and economic stratifications: such subjects as these set speculation free in a field that has never yet been surveyed by a capable and disciplined mind.

With so many promising young men out of work, and so many institutions of higher learning on the point of resuming operations at the usual time and place, it seems likely that this year the collegiate populace of the country will include an unusually large proportion of youths without invisible means of support, in the shape of allowances, dividends, savings, or other moneys or credits. These young men, I suppose, will tend furnaces and wash dishes and employ themselves in all manner of

labour. They will have little time for the casual reading and conversation and the general free-lancing that ought to find a place in every undergraduate's programme. They will be hard-worked and self-made, and the forces which have compressed and devitalized the lives of so many of our self-made men of business will bear down ruinously upon them. I have seen these forces at work in college halls; I have seen them produce a cold and ruthless temper that is perhaps even less congenial to a free intellectual life than the gay irresponsibility that characterizes the subsidized section of collegiate society. I speak of these things here, because I should really like to see these young proletarians graduate with something remaining to them in the way of spiritual elasticity, and one knows that an over-emphasis on the will-to-power is all too likely to produce a hardening of the intellectual arteries.

THOSE who believe in the power of oratory to move mountains will perhaps be interested in the sort of thing that American Negroes are being invited to listen to these days. The following passage is from a report of a recent speech by Mr. J. W. H. Eason, who evidently has a remarkable turn for this sort of thing:

There is a mad dog loose—the mad dog of prejudice, the mad dog of envy, the mad dog of race hatred, the mad dog of race traitors among us. There is a mad dog loose, I say—the mad dog of superstition, the mad dog of Negroes pulling against and fighting each other, the mad dog of enmity against us by other races. Again, I repeat, there is a mad dog loose. But just as the mad dog is about to banish the hopes of an aspiring race, here comes a 'black plumed knight' in the person of His Excellency, the Hon. Marcus Garvey, stepping with a majestic swing, like the king that he is; stepping with the princely tread that no man can imitate; stepping in his own majestic splendour; fired from on high and through love for his people, steps up just in time, grabs the mad dog by the throat. Industrial education, led by Booker Washington, says, 'Garvey, let loose!' But Garvey holds on. Big business men, offering graft, say, 'Garvey, turn loose. Let us handle him.' But Garvey holds on. Higher education, led by Dr. Dubois, says, 'Garvey, turn loose!' But Garvey holds on. Politicians, seeking their own aggrandizement, and not for the good of the race, say, 'Garvey, turn loose!' But Garvey holds on . . . until the Negroes throughout the world cry out: 'One God, one aim, one destiny!' Holds on until . . . all the 'doubting Thomases' shout, 'Turn loose, Garvey! Let us handle him.' But Garvey holds on—holds on until five millions under the Black, the Red and the Green cry out, 'Hurrah for Africa! We are going home.'

THIS is good news that comes from Rome about Signor Gabriele D'Annunzio. That peculiarly vexatious gentleman, I now rejoice to learn, has descended from his lofty heights as a saviour and hero and very perfect knight, to the peaceful occupation of finding words and titles for persons and places and things. Thus the name of one of the largest stores in Rome, La Rinascente, was suggested by the poet, and he is said to have been responsible for the trade-slogan of a popular Italian dentifrice. Recently, at the request of the Italian Wine Producers' Association, Signor Gabriele supplied an Italian name for brandy: *arzente*, which is an old Italian word for *ardente*, by which name brandy was known in Tuscany many centuries ago. Contemplating Signor D'Annunzio in his new rôle, I feel that nothing quite so perfect has happened in the world since Mr. George Creel (who, as those with good memories will recall, served in the war as the head of Mr. Wilson's propaganda-machine) became head of a famous memory-training system.

JOURNEYMAN.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

AFTER A FAMOUS VICTORY.

SIRS: I am glad to see your pungent comments upon the scandal—it is nothing less—of the American Trust Company's purchase of the estates of one of the Habsburg archdukes. The new owners of this territory are thus taking a valuable asset out of the hands of the little nations for whose liberation the war was in large measure supposed to have been fought. In the view of those who are informed on this

subject, one of the certain consequences of this transfer of archducal property into American hands is American support, direct and indirect—open in Europe and secret here—of the candidacy of the Archduke Albrecht to the throne of Hungary. The success of Albrecht means war between Hungary and the countries of the Little Entente. So much for American non-interference in the affairs of Europe. I am, etc.,
New York City.

CHARLES H. HOSKINS.

AUSTRIA INFELIX.

SIRS: You refer, in your current issue, to the fact that Austrian wages amount to practically nothing in American money. Let me give you the exact figures, quoted from a report on conditions in Austria, published recently by the Overseas Department of the British Government's Board of Trade.

An Austrian skilled metal-worker receives the equivalent of about three dollars and fifteen cents per week. A skilled shoemaker's present weekly wage is about two dollars and twenty-five cents. A skilled wood-worker gets two dollars and fifteen cents. The State subvention of food, according to the Board of Trade's report, makes things a little easier for the workers than they would otherwise be, but one is not surprised to learn that, owing to under-nourishment, the output is falling off.

Mr. Gompers will, doubtless, be happy to learn that the number of trade unionists in Austria is 940,000—almost one-sixth of the inhabitants of the country. Much good does it do them! I am, etc.

Boston, Massachusetts.

MARK H. BRANDSTON.

AND NOW THE HUNGRY 'TWENTIES.

SIRS: I wonder if you have lighted on a certain letter which was sent by Thomas Carlyle to his friend Thomas Spedding, in 1842, at the dawn of the hungry 'forties. This letter has such a close and vital application to present-day conditions, not only in England, but in this and many another country, that I am tempted to quote a lengthy passage for your benefit. (You will find the whole letter and several others, equally pertinent, in the May issue of the *Cornhill Magazine*):

I stayed two nights in Lancashire; on the morrow, after my arrival in Liverpool, I went over to Manchester and returned. The most tragic circumstance I noted there was the *want of smoke*; Manchester was never, in my time, a third as clear. What a strange country we are at this hour! Two thousand men and women assembled the other Saturday night before the Provost's door in Paisley, and stood, without tumult, indeed almost in silence: when questioned as to their purposes, they said they had no money, no food and no fuel, they were Fathers and Mothers, workingmen and women, and had come out there to see whether they could not be saved alive. The police withdrew to a distance, there were soldiers hard by to have checked any riot. By dint of great efforts, the Provost collected a sum which yielded one penny farthing to each, and at sunrise they had gradually dispersed again. . . . O England and all Englishmen! We have gone on the accursed Law of Egoism and Mammon, and every sort of *Atheism*, which was a lie from the beginning; and now it has broken down under us, and unless we can recover ourselves out of it, the abyss is gaping for us. We are all fearfully to blame, and make but a mad figure the most of us. . . . I consider sometimes that if we do not within a very few years get some Prime Minister of a very different sort, Chartism or some still more frightful *ism* is as good as inevitable for us.

And so it goes; as Carlyle would doubtless say, if he were alive to-day: O Progress! O Democracy! O Civilization! I am, etc.

Providence, Rhode Island.

H. PEMBER FORSYTH.

BACK TO MARTIAL.

SIRS: I enclose for your viewing a recent editorial from the *Boston Herald* which would seem to go far in confirming the statement of Bishop Bourne, if my memory serves correctly, that the average American newspaper man is an "individual who writes copiously, reads but little, and thinks even less." If Chekhov is right that "it were better to perish from fools than to be praised by them," the *Freeman* is to be congratulated on the promise of many years of struggle ahead. "Courage, brother!" "Stick to the ship," "never say die," "up and at 'em"; with these and many another inspiring aphorism in good Rotarian standing, we, your readers, admonish you to "keep on kicking 'em in the slats."

Our newspaper-mentors are apparently determined that we must exist on a mental diet of chewed wind and fictional pap; let me then prescribe a dose or two of Martial to relieve the spirit-nausea. Turning to the pages of my Martial, I find there, as one never fails to find, some of those biting, incisive epigrams that so aptly fit the spirit of all times and make one regret that the old Roman cynic can not descend upon us in spirit and take charge of our schools of journalism.

TO A BRUTAL MASTER.

Why do you maim your slave, Pontius, by cutting out his tongue? Do you not know that the public says what he can not.

TO A WINDY LAWYER.

My suit has nothing to do with assault, or battery, or poisoning, but it is about three goats, which I complain have been stolen by my neighbour. This the judge desires to have proved to him; but you, with swelling words and extravagant gestures dilate on the Battle of Cannæ, the Mithridatic war, and the perjuries of the insensate Carthaginians, the Syllæ, the Marii, and the Mucii. It is time, Postumus, to say something about my three goats.

How long, O Lord! how long will it be before these, our noble masters of the press, will lead us up to those noble heights of unpolluted fact, those mountain peaks where, as Dry Dollar Sullivan of ever-green memory has said, "the hand of man has never set foot." I am, etc.
Boston, Massachusetts.

W. J. REID.

"THE STORY OF THE WOMAN'S PARTY."

SIRS: As a member and worker of the National Woman's party for nearly six years, I can not help but protest against the short review of Mrs. Irwin's book: "The Story of the Woman's Party" in your 21 September issue.

I object to the writer speaking of the "willingness of party-members to appeal to race prejudice in the South," as if such an appeal to prejudice in the South were a Woman's party policy. If Mrs. Irwin gives this impression in her book she gives a false impression; but I can not think she does.

The women who went to jail as a protest against their disfranchisement came from many States, and they were all types of women. But the women I know best, such women as Lucy Burns, Doris Stevens, Alice Paul herself, were lastingly impressed at the horrible way the coloured women of the District of Columbia were milled through the courts and to jail. At least one coloured woman they met in prison owes her life to meeting Woman's party girls in the district jail. The fact that a couple of speakers or organizers with Southern prejudices spoke of their "humiliation" to Southern audiences should certainly not commit an organization to a policy.

The fact that we were all glad to have so distinguished a person as Mrs. Irwin write about the Woman's party does not make her document "official." Mrs. Irwin during almost the entire active life of the Woman's party was in other cities or out of the country. Her data was painstakingly gathered from members of the party and others. I am, etc.,

Chicago, Illinois.

VIVIAN PIERCE.

A KNOWN WARRIOR.

SIRS: I wonder if you noticed the report of the interesting ceremony which was performed in Washington, D. C., a few weeks ago by General Pershing, who is now in France for the purpose, I understand, of selecting a body of a dead American soldier to be buried in the national capital as America's "Unknown Warrior." I refer to the occasion when, with due pomp and ceremony, the gallant General pinned a medal of solid gold, nicely engraved, upon a brindle Boston bull terrier named Stubby. The reason for thus honouring this lucky dog appears to have been that he served overseas during the war as the official mascot (whatever that may mean) of the American Expeditionary Force, and participated with honour (whatever that may mean) in seventeen engagements including the battle of Seichprey in which he was unfortunate enough to receive a shrapnel wound in the breast.

I venture to write to you on this matter, because I feel that the story of Stubby, as told in a special front-page dispatch from Washington to the *New York Times*, is not without interest and instruction at this time. Unlike most of his fellow-heroes, Stubby is said to have joined the army "of his own volition."

Stubby on parade [says the *Times*] is a gorgeous spectacle. He wears a leather blanket, beautifully embroidered with the flags of the Allies in natural colours, the work of nearly a hundred French demoiselles whom Stubby met on his travels. He wears also a Victory medal, with cross-bars indicating the major engagements at which he assisted. [By being a mascot, I suppose.]

His blanket is literally covered with badges and medals, which have been thrust upon him by his admirers; and on the left side of his elaborate leather harness, also a gift, he wears three real gold service-chevrons; while, on the right side, he has another gold chevron to indicate his honourable wounds.

But the best part of Stubby's story is, appropriately enough, kept till the last by the skilful correspondent of the *Times*. What a thrill runs over one, as one learns that this heroic dog is "a life-member of the Young Men's Chris-

tian Association," and has a membership-card which proclaims him entitled to "three bones a day and a place to sleep for the rest of his life." In these days of widespread unemployment, when innumerable ex-soldiers are starving in the streets of our big cities, one is constrained to ask whether there came to the minds of Mr. John R. Mott and the other leaders of the Y. M. C. A., as they enrolled their canine fellow-member, a certain harsh saying, beginning, "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but . . ."

Stubby is not only a member of the Y. M. C. A., he is also a hundred-per-cent American Legionary, and had the honour of attending the Minneapolis Convention of that august body as a delegate.

Surely a grateful democracy will not be content to allow Stubby's distinguished service to his country and religion to be marked merely by the public presentation of a gold medal by the nation's greatest soldier. May I not suggest that, when the sad necessity arises, it would be only fit and proper for this heroic animal to be buried with full military honours in the National cemetery alongside the Unknown Warrior. I am, etc.,

Los Angeles, California.

FRANKLIN P. WYATT.

THE FISCAL POLICY OF SINN FEIN.

SIRS: The novel suggestion apropos of the Irish situation, contained in the *Freeman* of 21 September, calls for comment.

An English proposal, even when embodied in treaty form, is not a guarantee of its fulfillment. It becomes so (under an implied duress and at once automatically losing its character) only if and when the party of the second part has the will and the power to attend to its execution.

Fiscal freedom does not go with an assumption of responsibility for a share of another's debt, not incurred by the "donee" and to be determined as to its amount by a creature of the "donor" of this variety of liberty. Nor is fiscal freedom connoted by a willingness on the part of a small and peaceful people to pay the charges incident to the offensive and defensive activities of a huge empire. Armament-budgets have a habit of progressing geometrically.

As to taxing land-values (landlords' valuation) as the one source of Ireland's revenues, the suggestion is refreshing, but it so happens that the landlord of approximately two-thirds of Ireland's land is the English Government, to which it does not seem as though the proposition would commend itself. In a burst of its traditional generosity it might waive the outstanding annuities, in which event your scheme would merit consideration.

Free trade in many commodities has not hitherto induced a free flow of them between Ireland and the outside world; but that is another story. In any event, the practice by Ireland of such heterodox economics as you have suggested might be provocative of trade-outlawry by more high-minded States. Now is apparently not the acceptable time for this form of self-determination. I am, etc.,

New York City.

D. J. McGRATH.

BOOKS.

THE BIOGRAPHER OF A RAKE.

HAVE you been over-addicted to the court-life of the time of Louis XIV and the later Stuarts? Have you, on your library shelves, several sets of volumes, gaudily bound and hectically title-paged, that have made you too familiar with "Mémoires Secrets" and "Intrigues Amoureuses"? If so, your remedy is here—here in a single demure brown volume, "The Life of Anthony Hamilton,"¹ put together by a painstaking, cool-headed young woman. Miss Clark comes forward as a laborious student; she expressly assures us that she owes everything to the Carnegie Trust for the Universities of Scotland. Indeed, the air of the "thesis" hangs over her entire work; nor is the atmosphere at all attenuated by her gallant apparatus of appendixes, bibliography, authorities and multitudinous foot-notes. Yet, whoever has held that the antidote must always be as agreeable as the bane?

The author's tone and spirit may readily be apprehended by her treatment of one of the high lights in the *chronique scandaleuse* of the seventeenth century. As the episode is embedded in all the encyclopædias, its mere skeleton may more than suffice. In 1663, Philibert de Gramont, who

had presumed to make himself a rival in love to the French King and had been exiled to England, found himself free to return to France. On his precipitate departure, he was followed and overtaken by two of the several Hamilton brothers. "Pardon, chevalier; have you not forgotten something?" "Ah, yes; I have forgotten to marry your sister!" He turned back with the concerned and vigilant young men and became their brother-in-law forthwith. Our author considers this piquant, if unedifying, anecdote in text and foot-notes. The latter, especially, are of a grinding inexorable aridity, like the sand-blast which wears down and almost obliterates the too salient features of a façade. One ends by feeling that the age might have been, after all, more decent than one had hoped—or feared. Certainly the Countess de Gramont held her own high place at the French court for many years; and certainly her efforts to prepare her octogenarian husband for his death-bed are not without edification.

This episode and its treatment ought to be taken in connexion with Bayle's remark on that plague of pseudo- or semi-historical memoirs which harried the last decade of the seventeenth century. He thought the authorities should be urged to issue an order that these new "romanistes" be obliged to choose between two things: either pure history or pure romance, or at least should employ some clear unmistakable mark to distinguish the false from the true. One might recall, too, Howells's rule for envisaging the run of scandal which, a hundred years later, afflicted dying Venice, last heir of the old regime, and so employ a "generous reserve." Our present author is one more of the cool-minded, and lays a grateful poultice on the flushed and fevered society she has set out to depict—or rather to study.

It is something of a pity that Anthony Hamilton should be known chiefly—if not altogether—as the author of the "Mémoires de la Vie du Comte de Grammont." This second *m* by the way, was conferred by an apocryphal and unauthorized publisher "at Cologne." Hamilton, as a high aristocrat, held publishing to be derogatory (the same problem confronted Byron a century later); he thought the bourgeoisie a "foule ignoble" and the poorer classes a "populace incompréhensible." His circle, as Michelet says, saw itself as a world complete, and "ignoraient le reste"; and his various writings were merely to be circulated in manuscript among his intimates at court.

Something of a pity, I have said; for Hamilton, in many ways, was much more of a man than Gramont. He saw military service in Ireland and in France and later participated in English politics as one of the King's Privy Counsellors; whereas Gramont, aside from his record as a cheating gamester and an impudent amoureur (with an immense trail of entertaining anecdotes to his credit), was of no use whatever in the world—a conspicuous detriment, in truth. But a man who deliberately sits down to celebrate the career of another must expect but a subordinate place in the eyes of posterity; and Hamilton, though one of the first wits and stylists of France, still holds, in the view of many, a place distinctly secondary to that maintained by his flagrant brother-in-law.

It is a further pity that the work should have been composed so far along in the life both of subject and of author: it is the reverse of pleasant to think of a man of sixty at the task of recording the scandalous career of a reprobate of eighty-five. The book, written about 1705, was refused publication by the censor, despite Gramont's own loud protests; such was the topsy-turvy time. In fact, it appeared only in 1713, six years after his death. In justice to Hamilton, we should remember that the work was not to be published at all; and it was given to the world without his knowledge and without his signature.

The French have a right to their own view of Gramont: no barbarous Anglo-Saxon can be expected to appreciate all his fine points. It is interesting to see how, softened by time and officialized by the standard works of reference, the Count now appears. Thus Larousse: "*Mais il faut ajouter, à l'honneur du héros d'Hamilton, que son chevalier porte dans les intrigues de jeu et d'amour cette élégance et cette distinction, ce tact et cet esprit de sa nature, que le tempérament anglais remplaçait par une grossièreté et*

¹ "The Life of Anthony Hamilton," Ruth Clark, New York: John Lane Company. \$6.00.

une brutalité étrangères à son éducation et à ses mœurs." Perhaps an extension of this paragraph ought to have declared that Hamilton was able adequately to appreciate and depict such a type only by reason of his own long residence among the French themselves.

In fact, it was as a boy of five that he followed his parents to Paris, shortly after the execution of Charles I, for a residence of ten years; and it was as a man but little beyond his prime that he accompanied James II into exile at Saint-Germain. England was still jolting along hardly toward Protestantism, and the Hamiltons, mostly Catholics, suffered their disadvantage. Anthony spent scarcely a third of his life in Britain. He was as often "d'Amilton" as "Hamilton," and some of his own relations referred to him, in correspondence as a "*monsieur*"; and it is to French life and literature (despite a Scots-Irish origin) that he really belongs. But his crossings of the Channel were numerous; he had one foot in the French court and the other in the English, and he could portray the iniquities of either with a bright, graceful, satiric raillery void of all ethical considerations. The moral indignation was left for Saint-Simon. In his light, rapid wit, Hamilton was a forerunner of Voltaire; but he had no notion whatever of attempting to upheave the foundations of society: these to him were satisfactory. His object, rather, was to entertain society—and himself. It was for the pleasure of his own circle that he satirized the preferences of the age in fiction. He "took off," as we say, the *contes des fées*—a literary movement which originated with Perrault; and with equal brilliancy he parodied the many stories written in imitation of "The Arabian Nights," consequent upon the translations of Galland. Such things as these, together with letters and some verses, complete the body of his work.

Oddly, one finds oneself turning from Hamilton, who could write, to Gramont, who could not. But the Count could talk, and he could act. His feats at the gaming-board, his ready insolences at court, his bizarre experiences with thievish servants—are not all these things, and more, set forth in English in the World's Libraries of Best Literature? But, in dwelling on them overlong, one runs the risk of falling to the level of the age and of its hero. Let us turn rather to the biographer who writes of his biographer. Miss Clark's book is a strong, solid, well-documented piece of work; and she has held herself well above the "*bourbier*"—as one of Balzac's duchesses, in a moment of justifiable indignation, calls the fashionable world. If it has one deficiency, it is the deficiency of all "sloughs": little breadth and ease of "flow." But the mass of detailed information is well-marshalled and well-maneuvred; and, after all, the picturesque, sensational, and semi-fictional aspects of the subject have already been manipulated in abundance by many and often less worthy predecessors. If the faithful study of an important yet repellent society is one's object, few better books than the present "Life" could easily come to hand. Here a world lately chastened looks on some sorry old matters in a soberer light.

HENRY B. FULLER.

THE CAPTAINS AND THE KINGS DEPART.

WHAT a scene for Carlyle! It is 17 October, 1918. The German Imperial Chancellor has already made his first peace offer to President Wilson, because, as he was careful to explain, "I believe the thoughts regarding the future well-being of the nations, which were proclaimed by Mr. Wilson, are in accord with the general ideas cherished by the new German Government and with it the overwhelming majority of our people." President Wilson has answered the call by asking for whom the Imperial Chancellor speaks, the old constituted authorities or a new democracy? The Imperial Chancellor, Prince Maximilian, and high dignitaries of the civil Government, General Ludendorff and high dignitaries from the army are assembled in secret, solemn council on that seventeenth day of October. The mighty diapason of thundering guns is rolling on from Switzerland to the sea while the precious lives of men are being snuffed out as chaff is

winnowed in the blast. These spokesmen of Germany have assembled to gamble with fate, to calculate the chances of the coming days, to decide whether to stake more on the last desperate throw. There is no gallery to be moved by their fire and passion. The cold truth is what these men want, and they have come together to face it. What they say, they say in measured language with full knowledge of the consequences. There is no need of lying to deceive themselves or of concealing the facts upon which the fate of all of them hinges.

The Chancellor opens by remarking that it was the High Military Command that instructed the civil Government of Germany to send the peace "feeler" to the President of the United States. So much for the precious sentiments of 5 October about the love of the newly baptized German people for the Fourteen Points. There stand the words: *Damals war es der dringende Wunsch der Obersten Heeresleitung, dass wir die Friedensnote und das Waffenstillstandsversuchen an den Präsidenten Wilson gerichtet haben.* Now President Wilson's answer has come, the Chancellor continues, and we must prepare our reply and sustain the pacific endeavours of the President against the chauvinists and the militarists; but, first of all, the chances of winning or holding out by arms must be canvassed—this notwithstanding the German love for the Fourteen Points.

Now Ludendorff to the front! The bundles of cannon-fodder are coolly reckoned. The Imperial Chancellor anxiously demands to know about the Russian front and whether the needed men for the West can not be transferred. He asks: "How does it stand with the Bolshevik army, is it stronger, can it threaten us?" General Hoffman and General Ludendorff make reply. The Bolshevik army can not fight, but Bolshevik propaganda penetrates every corner of the German army in the East. From a military point of view, there is nothing to fear from Bolshevism, but the moral danger is to be feared. *Diese Gefahr ist gross*, exclaims Ludendorff. It would seem that Lenin and Trotzky, as German agents and spies, had slipped up in their labours for their imperial and royal master; but of course we, in America, know from the Sisson documents, canonized by American respectability, that Ludendorff can hardly be telling the truth! The Bolshevik danger is great and so it is best to leave the tainted heroes in Feldgrau where they are, in the East. What about German morale? The civilians have been quizzing the military men and now the soldiers turn on the Reichskanzler and his secretaries. Ludendorff asks Scheidemann point-blank whether he can raise the spirit of the masses. Scheidemann looks him straight in the eye and answers him brutally: "That is a question of potatoes." Oh! shades of Fichte and Heine, that the spirit of the Fatherland should depend upon the humble spud; but it seems to be so. It is so. Scheidemann can raise the courage of Germany if he can distribute potatoes enough to fill German bellies. On and on the calculation runs until the curtain is drawn. The lights are out and silence reigns.

Now the reply is framed to Wilson. He can be assured that he is dealing with "a Government which, free from arbitrary and irresponsible influence, is supported by the approval of the overwhelming majority of the German people." Prince Max and General Ludendorff are humorists as well as good calculators.

Besides this glimpse at a dramatic scene, there are a hundred other papers and documents in this interesting volume¹, thrown together pell-mell without editing and without orientation. Extracts from newspapers, editorials, minutes of meetings, addresses from dignitaries, interviews, proclamations, transcripts of wall-placards, and a great bundle of fugitive pieces give a living picture of the momentous days when the Hohenzollerns were going down with a crash. Here are accounts showing how the Pan-Germans planned to send the navy to certain destruction at sea at the cost of eighty thousand sailors' lives, how the sailors learned of the design and stood firm against

¹ "Handbuch der Revolution in Deutschland, 1918-1919." Vol. I. Heinrich Marx. Berlin: A. Gruebel Nachf.

it, thus precipitating the revolution. Here are records of the activities of the Majority Socialists, the Sparticides, the workers' councils, soldiers' councils, and the despairing *Junkertum*. Here we can trace from day to day the rising tide of German anger (after the military defeat), which culminated in the proclamation of the republic. Here we can read to our hearts' content of the "*bolschewistische Gefahr*," the Munich disaster, the doings of the council of intellectuals (*Rat geistiger Arbeiter*), the closing of the university, and the uprising of *ein roter Studentenrat*. Here we can see one kinglet after another making a speedy rush for the safety of private life, leaving the people of the several German States to shift for themselves after many years of careful tutelage. The censorship is lifted after four long, iron years, and the clank of the printing-press resounds above the rattle of machine-guns in the streets of Berlin, as the German people march to the tune of the new Watch on Rhine: *Durch Demokratie zum Sozialismus*.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

A NEW RUSSIAN STORY-TELLER.

Nor since pre-war days has a new and significant writer of fiction appeared on the Russian literary horizon. That is hardly to be wondered at. It is difficult to create literature, above all to create fiction, when life itself is creating a drama of chaos that staggers the imagination. It is not for the mind of pre-war Russia, so-called bourgeois Russia, however genial (in the original sense of the word) it may be, to bridge the gulf that separates it from new Russia. It is not the Sologubs and the Merejkovskys, nurtured on the old culture, who can do this. The advent of a new story-teller, one who gives the slightest indication of possessing a talent that is capable of recording some of the processes of disintegration, of the lapsing of the world into chaos, and of the pain of attempted re-birth, is therefore to be welcomed. The most promising writer that has yet appeared in Russia since the Revolution is Alexander Drozdoff, whose ironically named "*A Gift to God*" is the first effort that has been made to treat of certain scenes and situations in contemporary Russian life without political bias and with complete artistic detachment.

Some of the tales contained in this small volume are, to be sure, horrible; but, considering the material, they could hardly be otherwise. It must be remembered that they deal with a country that for seven years has suffered war, famine, pestilence, and all the malignant disorders that have descended upon it from its fathers, not to say, its "little fathers," the Tsars. The book takes its title from the last tale, by no means the best. The scene is enacted in a small town by the sea, that has been visited by an enemy—the author does not state whether the Reds or the Whites—which has subjected the innocent inhabitants to a pogrom. "In the town of death and terror, the street-lamps were not lit that night, and it resembled a cemetery. . . ." The night-watchman paces the streets.

In the town square, he saw Mariyka, sitting on a stone, gazing at the stars, and her eyes were like stars . . . and her face was dark with anger.

"You haven't seen my baby?" she asked, with unmoving eyes. "No, I haven't seen it."

"What was the good of their killing a baby? Why didn't they kill the mother instead?"

"It doesn't give the same pleasure as the blood of an infant. Ah, Mariyka, there's nothing left but to die under a hedge, for you and all those who have borne children in such an accursed time. Do you see, Mariyka, how they are walking about, seeking? What do you say, Mariyka? Ah, Mariyka?"

Among the stalls and the spared shops, bowed and afflicted women walked with a slow step, seeking their children among the wreckage of the town of death and terror. Tremulous, almost invisible shadows crept after them, and there also crept after them their dark, angry, tearless maternal anguish.

"Ah, Mariyka, human folk have grown ferocious. Nothing of God is left in human folk. Only one thing is left: motherhood, Mariyka. . . ."

Mariyka joins the little army of afflicted women in search of their infants, and some of these, when found,

are headless, or armless, or otherwise mutilated, and the curses of the mothers rise up to heaven against their heartless invaders:

'Be accursed, thou murderer!'

'Be accursed!'

'May thy wife bear thee a monster!'

'May she bear thee a serpent!'

'May she bear a frog!'

'May thy wife's womb be sterile!'

'May God punish thee!'

'Be accursed!'

'Accursed!'

Thus cried on that night the town of terror and death, the desolate town under the stars, resembling a graveyard and darker than any graveyard, this outraged town of terror and death. The sea lifted up that maternal anger and bore it upon the waves, and cast up a reproach towards the heavens, above the stars, above the night, above the murmuring sibilant across the earth, earth's gift to the distant God. In that night the outraged town of terror and death clamoured and groaned and wept. 'Hey, there, God, do you hear? Do you hear her, Mariyka, the distraught woman? Do you hear them, those cursing women? Hey, God! God! . . .'

The influence of Gorky and Andreyev are perhaps too evident in this particular story; one feels that Drozdoff does better when he poetizes less.

Undoubtedly the best story in the book is "Che-Ka," which is the Russian abbreviation for the Extraordinary Commission. I dare not go into the details of it, lest I shock the squeamish, but briefly the story is this: A woman in a small town receives a note from her husband to the effect that he has been apprehended by the Extraordinary Commission and is threatened with being shot. She calls on the local head of the Commission, a sweaty brute of an ex-sailor, who promises to release the prisoner on a certain condition being agreed to, and then as an afterthought, demands that the husband be present at its carrying out. In his terror, the husband agrees to everything, and in the end the husband and wife leave the place to continue their life together as best they may. But the sailor, fearful creature that he is, is not altogether without some intellectual consciousness of the horror of his action and of the meaning of what is happening everywhere:

'I know it's loathsome to you, madam [he says to the woman], and painful; but let me tell you: you can say nothing. I am now the top dog. Yes, my hands are in blood, my body is sweaty, I'm a sailor, but forget all that. I am *the people!* We are all bloody now, the whole people is wading in blood, and licking its chops. . . . Do you think people will curse us? No, they will put up monuments to us. We put you gentle folk up against the wall, to be shot without a trial, we punch your faces for you with our own common fists. But in a hundred years the world will have new people, and they'll talk and act differently. . . .'

This is the third volume from Drozdoff's pen, and, as he is quite young, I should not be surprised if he were to take a high place in the proud line of Russian story-tellers. Certainly, the present volume contains more than a few snatches of genius and reveals that aspiration towards truth so characteristic of the Russians.

JOHN COUNROS.

MUSIC, MYSTICISM AND MADNESS.

It is surprising that there should be so few books written on the subject of music when one considers that music itself is the most popular of all the arts. Outwardly as precise as pure mathematics, and inwardly as rhapsodic as a dream, it offers to the world, above every other art, the highest degree of logic and the most perfect abnegation of the brain. Through the twelve tones of its chromatic scale it gives the mathematician a system of audible digits which is greater by two than the remarkable invention of the Arabs. At the same time, so versatile is its nature, it furnishes a composer with the means of creating an entire symphony out of those twelve tones though he be ignorant of the simplest formula in arithmetic. An art, moreover, which imitates nothing in the material universe, music could conceivably be written and understood by a race of men which passed its entire life in an underground labyrinth.

¹ "Podarok Bogu." Alexander Drozdoff. Berlin: S. Efron.

Above and beyond these surprising characteristics it possesses the remarkable ability, through the sensuous attraction of its mere tones, to ensnare the ears of almost everybody.

Considering these high and individual features, it is, therefore, as natural that the tonal art should be looked upon as a universal art as it is unnatural that most men, after looking upon it, should be loath to recount what they have seen. Are writers universally oppressed by the fatuity of approaching it critically at all? Like the musical critic who lamented impotently that "talking about music is like singing about economics," those musicians with a knack for literary expression may quite possibly be frightened off from a task which is reputed to be as arduous as turning "Das Kapital" into a song.

Whatever is the true explanation of the exiguous state of musical letters, the fact remains that musicians are extremely close-mouthed about their wares. Such a book as "The Relation of Ultramodern to Archaic Music,"¹ therefore, inevitably compels one's attention. Written by a brilliant pianist who is also one of the foremost interpreters of ultramodern compositions in America, the work promises to throw light on a dim and shadowy theme. Unfortunately, the promise is not performed. Deliberately confining its energy to a field which requires scrupulously conscientious tilling, it succeeds principally in staking out the relation of theosophy to the music of Alexander Scriabin.

If this is a hard saying, Miss Heyman's book is exceedingly hard reading.

The tone E is mana-consciousness [says the author]. Its correspondence among the elements is the air. That consciousness is half-human, half of the earth. It is the state of semi-conscious infancy. In the adult, it is that state of semi-consciousness which is manifest in moods. By a semitone E slides into F, the passions; as B, the dream, slides by a semitone into C, which is intuition. . . . To revert to E, in its relation to the sky it is the wind; relating to the earth it is a tree; relating to man it is a mood. It refers to the ear and to sound; therefore, with reference to art it is music. The corresponding colour is green (chrome green). In taste, the nearest approach to its correspondence is the flavour of chicken liver. The gesture corresponding to E is from right to left.

The foregoing paragraph, cited from page seven, gives a brief clue to the mystical style of the author. Though she forfeits all personal claims to these extraordinary discoveries, confessing freely that they are lifted from Oriental sources, she subscribes to them with obvious reverence. What is more, she develops them with loving care. What is still more, she applies them to nearly every problem which arises in the course of her treatise. The reader is, therefore, more grieved than surprised to learn on page 123 that—

Incidentally, Scriabin wrote ten sonatas: and although the number may have been chance, it may also have been, since he was a theosophist, that the ten sonatas conform in some way to the ten Sephiroth of the Qabalah.

Perhaps they do. To a theosophist all things, apparently, are possible. Incidentally, Beethoven wrote nine symphonies; and although the number may have been chance, it may also have been, since he was a classicist, that the nine symphonies conform in some way to a belief in the classical nine muses. But what has such a possibility to do with art? Does it reveal the inner mystery of Beethoven's music? Does it unravel the outer problem of his technique? Or does it solemnly beg the whole question of the creative impulse, substituting a shibboleth of sounding phrases for an explanation of an almost inexplicable passion?

With all deference to Miss Heyman, it appears to do just this. For there is little in her book to prove her point, and even less that might persuade a reader to accept it. Her point, in brief, is that, during our two-hundred-and-fifty years' use of the present diatonic scale, "we have been content with semblances instead of verities"—the verities being such ancient Greek modes as the

Dorian, the Phrygian and the Hypodorian. Since "the difference is all in the displacement of the semitone," hardening of the musical arteries sets in when the semitones (minor seconds) became fixed, as they now are in the C-major scale, between E and F and between B and C. Arterio-sclerosis followed; the death of music was imminent. Then Scriabin, Schoenberg and Stravinsky hurriedly stepped in; a stiff dose of the Greek modes and the duodecuple scale was forced upon the unlucky patient; the verities began to act; the unlucky patient showed signs of rallying spiritually; and although "I would not say . . . that our ultramodern music is the last word in music, . . . with the achievement of a general understanding of the cloistered mysteries that inspired its source, we shall have completed what I would call the Grecian cycle." In other words, we are almost back in heaven. With the light of Ekki shining upon them, the Grecian modes are revealed as truth made manifest in tone. Scriabin evinced a predilection for the Dorian mode, E. The corresponding colour of E is green (chrome green). If Scriabin's immediate forerunners are not chrome green with envy, therefore, they should be; for their music is not of the precise flavour of chicken liver.

It is dangerously easy to laugh at the ritualism of mystics, and these remarks are not to be construed as jobations. But while the infrequent appearance of books on music must whet our appetite for them unduly, that very infrequency makes our demand for real nutriment the more pressing. It is thus that, disappointing a functional craving, "The Relation of Ultramodern to Archaic Music" seems ephemeral. It is food of a sort, but all too meagre. It points out the incontrovertible fact that the desuetude of the Greek modes means a loss of musical colour; and it very properly hails Scriabin as a more forceful composer than Debussy. But there it relinquishes meaning. It says that "the scale tone and tonic of the Dorian mode represent Saturn and the Sun, Leo and Capricorn, the triangle and the hexagon; and the scale tone is representative of St. Mark." It states this as an all but established truth. That way madness lies.

WINTHROP PARKHURST.

SHORTER NOTICES.

THE French Academy's eulogy, pronounced when an Immortal has put on immortality, sets a standard of excellence that is doubtless not easy to attain. Certainly Mr. Chadwick's address delivered before the American Academy of Arts and Letters in memory of the late Dr. Horatio Parker¹ is anything but inspired, even though his theme was qualitatively rather rich in possibilities. It is safe to say that Dean Parker must have stood out among his fellow-academicians at Yale University, or indeed anywhere else in this country, by virtue of his rare distinction in personality and his genuine cultivation; but few traces of this warmth and colour vitalize Mr. Chadwick's brief oration in his honour. Still, in spite of this failure and the infelicity of the style, Mr. Chadwick's sketch must stand at least for the present as a useful chapter in American musical history.

L. M.

For its quiet, old-fashioned narrative—which gives only occasional glints of the adventurous life it records—and almost equally as much for its enchanting photographs of Salem interiors, the autobiography of George Nichols,² a New England sailing-master of more than a century ago, will hold a high place in American antiquarian literature. Although it is largely written with the idea of the family in the foreground, the book contains much which will interest the student of the period. Its pictures of adventure on shipboard give an air of reality to a life which is fast slipping behind the veils of tradition. The voyages of this old sailor were principally to the Far East, although there were few ports to the north of Europe and on the Mediterranean at which he did not touch in the course of his wanderings. This autobiography was dictated when its central figure was past eighty; but its pages are fresh and vital and bear evidence of a shrewd mentality still undimmed.

L. B.

¹"Horatio Parker: 1863-1920." George W. Chadwick. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$6.00.

²"A Salem Shipmaster and Merchant." George Nichols. Boston: The Four Seas Company. \$2.50.

¹"The Relation of Ultramodern to Archaic Music." Katherine Ruth Heyman. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. \$2.00.

BAUDELAIRE is one of Mr. Arthur Symons's gods, but, alas, in his centenary study¹ (so-called) of the poet he fails signally. The construction of the book itself gives one food for thought. It falls too easily into decidedly diverse parts. There is an essay on style, a critical exposition of Villiers de L'Isle Adam's work and temperament, an essay on Poe, a dithyrambic to hashish, and apparently two essays on Baudelaire. All this is tied together with strings of rather tenuous comment. Either Mr. Symons has taken a quantity of old work and attempted to weld it together or we are present at the spectacle of a tired and aged impressionist wandering among the crumbling memories of his youth. The subject is Baudelaire but the name evokes only Olivier Metra's valse, Paris of the 'nineties, scattered bits of literary lore, the rags and tags of great days. The true lover of all that was finest in Arthur Symons will grow suddenly solemn at the spectacle of this book. It is, perhaps, the last flicker of light from the saffron 'nineties, a fading taper that goes out in a bleak wind.

H. S. G.

"THIS book² has been written for love of poetry, for largening of beauty, and to restore forgotten spiritual values in the history of humanity. 'On every simile dost thou here ride to very truth.' One's response to the form, taste, and spirit of this manifesto, which constitutes Professor Thompson's emphatic colophon, will gauge well enough one's probable appreciation of the whole work. The preamble, a somewhat inept disquisition on comparative religion, announcing that this masque is an attempt to "touch with modern poetry and modern passion . . . the dramatization of the struggle between the pagan cults of antiquity and early Christianity," will presumably suffice to deter the sophisticated from venturing further. If these *désenchantés* are uncharacteristic enough to persevere, however, they will merely be confirmed in their preconceived opinion that few professors of mediæval history in Middle-Western universities are likely to compete successfully with Milton, Shelley, and Moody in their chosen field. Dr. Thompson's worst fault is not his uncertain metric, or his weakness in dramatic construction, or even his only moderate poetic afflatus, for despite these drawbacks his verse sometimes attains a creditable level of accomplishment; the fatal difficulty lies in the too pretentiously didactic purpose and the parade of undigested second-hand information which produce the chilling impression that he is lecturing, not singing or creating. Mr. Hill has given the work a very handsome format, though the proof-reading, one observes with regret, is not impeccable.

L. M.

MR. DE MADARIAGA has packed a wealth of ripe thought and stimulating suggestion into his four essays upon "Shelley and Calderón," "English Sidelights on Spanish Literature," "Spanish Popular Poetry," and "The Case of Wordsworth." The author is quite as much at home in English as in Spanish, and is abreast of what is most recent in critical standards as well as of what is most enduring in the memory of letters. The attraction that existed between Shelley and Calderón, Mr. de Madariaga attributes to the essential difference between the anarchic Englishman and the Catholic Spaniard. "It may be that, at bottom, what he [Shelley] most admired in the Spanish poet was his possession of a key—though as he said, distorted—yet a key to the riddle of the universe." This familiar attraction of opposites is explained by Mr. de Madariaga in a chapter replete with original suggestion and evidences of prolonged study. Hardly less satisfying is the essay that follows, in which are noted strange correspondences between the geographical position and the literary development of England and Spain. "Like England, Spain is in Europe, but not of Europe." Mr. de Madariaga is especially illuminating in his study of his country's popular poetry, which through his interpretative skill is made to reveal the individualism, the "courageous and lofty amorality," the "utter lack of meanness," the free, chaste idea of love, and the "mystic feeling of reality" of the Spanish soul. By means of striking parallels, our author relates these qualities to the work of William Blake, and thus establishes yet another link in the chain that binds intellectual England to Spain. In brief, this is a volume of sound criticism which, amidst the bulk of more pretentious tomes, is all too apt to pass unnoticed.

I. G.

¹ "Charles Baudelaire: a Study." Arthur Symons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$6.00.

² "The Lost Oracles: a Masque." James Westfall Thompson. Chicago: Walter M. Hill. \$7.50.

³ "Shelley and Calderón and Other Essays." Salvador de Madariaga. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$6.00.

ALTHOUGH more than one investigator has occupied himself with a study of the indigenous tribes of Bolivia, Dr. Paredes's is the first book on the subject by a native of that country.¹ His volume is a scientific study of the Bolivian *indio*—his myths, superstitions, and curious folk-lore. It is the work of one who has spent a large part of his life amidst the objects of his care. On the whole, he gives us the results of actual observation rather than of psychological research, and thus provides, for those who read Spanish, an excellent fund of material for comparison with the folk-lore of more familiar peoples. Because of the important part played by the native tribes in the formation of the Bolivian character, the book possesses value as a contribution to an understanding of the national mind. The reader will not be surprised to learn that the queer superstitions and taboos maintained by the upper-class Bolivians sink their roots deep into the psychic world inhabited by the humble creatures that are socially so far beneath their notice.

I. G.

THE publisher of "Jenny"² recently described the author as the Gene Stratton Porter of Norway. Like many of Miss Undset's books, "Jenny" is a best-seller in Norway and this, the first volume by her to appear in English, may be usefully compared by the sophisticated with the corresponding American or British merchandise. Others will enjoy it for its own sake. It tells the story of a Norwegian girl who falls in love with a compatriot while she is living in Rome with a group of art students. When the couple returns to Norway the situation of Turgenev's "First Love" is repeated, for the man's father falls in love with and wins the woman whom his son adores. But here the fact is never revealed to the son, who is conveniently out of sight when the deed is done. After a lapse of years he meets Jenny in Rome again and makes violent love to her, which she repulses for reasons obvious to herself and the reader, but unknown to him. Finally, he is successful in overpowering her will and they spend one night together. The next day, to the amazement of her lover, she commits suicide by opening a vein with a palette knife. The lover's astonishment is never satisfied in full, for although a mutual friend knows of the relations of the girl and his father, he refuses to explain the tragedy. So Jenny carries her secret to the grave. In this bald outline it is apparent that the qualities which make a best-seller in Scandinavia are not exactly those cultivated by the practitioners of popularity in this country. The American "glad" book has not yet entered into its own over there. That it is doing its best to replace the native product seems, however, to be certain, from the fact that Scandinavian publishers and public alike are eager for the popular trash of the English-speaking world. They prefer to translate Mr. Zane Grey rather than Mr. Sherwood Anderson. But to return to "Jenny": what differentiates this type of novel from the best-seller of Anglo-Saxondom is that, with all its faults, it does maintain some contact with real life and real people. Above all, it preaches no smooth doctrine of imbecile innocence and joy to clash every morning with the head-lines of the daily record of crime, waste and profiteering. One is, therefore, entitled to the illusion that a public fed upon Miss Sigrid Undset is capable of better things. The sales of Knut Hamsun prove it, but doubtless, when the bonds of international intercourse are closer, when the whole world speaks English, as the prophets desire, then "Jenny" will be bowdlerized, and "Growth of the Soil" ignored.

E. A. B.

EX LIBRIS.

THAT Plato, the philosopher-poet, should have banished poets from his ideal State, and spoken harshly of their influence, has always been a bitter pill to those who love both poetry and Plato. It would have been easier to swallow if Plato himself had not transgressed his own edict so magnificently. Or even if his sternness could be disposed of with the simple formula that Jove himself is sometimes caught nodding. This dictum of Plato's refuses to be a nod. It is a wide-awake, reiterated, emphatic idea; one that Plato looking back upon his Republic found to be one of its best provisions! It produces a real dilemma: either it constitutes a serious flaw in his wisdom, almost too serious to be counted a flaw, or else, if he was right—but perish the thought. Professor Einstein has said that, when there is a seeming impasse

¹ "Mitos, Supersticiones y Supervivencias Populares de Bolivia." M. Rigoberto Paredes. La Paz, Bolivia: Arno Hermanos.

² "Jenny." Sigrid Undset. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

between two incompatible laws, a rigidly logical solution was finally arrived at "by systematically holding fast to both these laws." Two propositions Professor Brownson insists on systematically holding: that poetry should not be excluded from the ideal State and that Plato was no fool. Hence his book—"Plato's Studies and Criticisms of the Poets."¹ After I had accustomed myself to the aspect of pages riddled with bullet holes of foot-note references, and had refused the exhilarating compliment of long sentences in untranslated Greek I came to like the little book and the author's steady didactic consistencies which finally save poetry for the State and Plato for wisdom. There is nothing dithyrambic or *exalté* about his style though one feels that the subject might have lent itself to a more electric heat (I am thinking, by contrast, of Mr. J. A. Stewart's "Myths of Plato"). But Professor Brownson has given us a clear, well-organized and scholarly piece of work.

How does he reconcile Plato and poetry? Of course, Plato was inconsistent enough to use poetry himself (for my part, I should prefer to say that his myths *were* poetry), but this must not be counted against him too relentlessly when one considers that it was a current literary device for annexing the authority that attached to works of the masters. Moreover, Plato often quotes merely for purposes of attack, and sometimes—but is not Professor Brownson on shaky ground here?—he does it for embellishment, to "enhance the beauty and charm" of his cold, impersonal message. But, the reader will object, is Plato's poetry "embellishment" only, and if he uses it as the most effective vehicle of his thought, does he not admit its indispensable function? Professor Brownson is safer when he concedes that, in any case, Plato could not help himself. "His dialogues are themselves dramas, in form, in fullness of scenic setting, in characterization, in dignity of expression. In his greatest works, he shows himself first the literary artist and second the philosopher." Like Tolstoy, he tried to make himself into a moralist, but the great gods intervened before so dire a destiny, insisting that he be an artist.

LET us look at Plato's case against the poets. It was a real one. They were the acknowledged educators of their time. They were looked upon as the instigators of noble deeds by the inspiration of historic and heroic example, as the nurses of patriotism and hatred for the barbarian, as teachers of religion. "Homer has educated Hellas" was a current phrase; and, after the Iliad and Odyssey, the poems of Hesiod, Solon, Phocylides and Theognis enjoyed the highest popularity as textbooks, because of their supposed moral influence upon the youth of Greece. But it was precisely in this high function that Plato considered them to have failed. The ideals they presented, embodied in the gods, whom their readers of course believed in with zealous conviction, were often coarse and degraded. These gods were far from exhibiting the virtues of self-control, they were subject to bribery and avarice, they were even more unstable and cruel than their human creators. If the gods were wanton, what principle, what ideal of discipline and integrity, of sober honour, was left? Conduct had no organizing principle; it was dissolved at the core. Plato wanted to restore the gods behind the gods, changeless, pure, authors only of good, great beneficent impersonalities that should make men scorn fear in the face of death, and render impossible the lewdness of impiety.

If only philosophers were to listen to these irresponsible poets, that were one thing, though even philosophers have been known to succumb to base influences. But for youth the danger was serious. It would be safer for poetry to confine itself to hymns to the gods, encomiums upon good men, praise of justice and virtue; it should be cadenced in those rhythms and harmonies which belong

to temperate and brave and good men; poetry must not even go as far as the psalms that paint the good as unfortunate while the evil flourish as a green bay tree, nor must it indulge in mournful and ill-omened strains before the altars of the gods. Here we have censorship with a vengeance, and its rules are rigorous to the end of eliminating all but milk for babes. A poet, says Plato, must not show his effusions to a private citizen until approved by duly appointed judges and guardians of the law. As to poets of the past, a commission made up of men not less than fifty years old is to be appointed to examine their works. Comic poets must not slander the good name of citizens. Even poetry in praise of valour must be sung only by those who are themselves doers of noble deeds!

PLATO's most interesting reason for his condemnation of poetry is, however, not so much a question of its effect as of its inherent nature, and of the human nature of the poets themselves. Poetry is only imitation. Not only is it not the "idea" of which all concrete objects are merely poor patterns, it is a further imitation of these patterns, and so three degrees removed from reality. Imitators, in Plato's view, are essentially superficial and lacking in real knowledge. Did Homer ever assist anyone to govern a State more wisely? Does a painter know anything about the value and utility of the objects he depicts? Does he appeal to anything more than impressions of sense, to those regions of the soul that are in dissension and discord until brought under the organizing harmonies of reason? In fact Plato seems to suspect that art not only feeds upon sensibility and passion, but that it actually stimulates them, thus making the authority of the rational soul more precarious and remote. He surmises that in all art there is something of the psychology of impersonation, and that poets become the things they see and feel. What could be worse, especially if the poet sees unvirtuous acts? Artists give themselves to a kind of orgy of their lower natures, a madness not divine, and the fair standards of reason are dethroned.

YET—for even the puritan in Plato could not wholly down the artist—clear and lofty regions of reason are not too easy to attain. Why not use, merely of course for the purpose of assisting the steep ascent, stepping-stones of concrete beauty, nearer to our senses and our feeling? Thus can the wayfaring man be led upward to the colder beauty of universals. In other words, if Poetry will be a good child and if she will keep her place and try to assist instead of overthrowing philosophy, she may stay, under certain conditions. For Plato, Truth commands the deep allegiance, and in comparison he can not but dwarf all other passions of the soul. Wise, however, as we may consider his aim to have been, we can not to-day believe that his method was sufficiently liberal to achieve it. Professor Brownson is aware of this when he admits that "constant repression of all in human nature that is inferior to reason is not of necessity the safest course, even if it were possible." Aristotle's theory of the purgation of the passions by pity and fear "seems to show a deeper insight into human nature." Verily, verily. We may go even further and insist that the senses, the feelings, the imagination are essential to Philosophy herself. Without their constant nourishment and stimulation, mere Reason may become empty dialectic, sound and fury signifying nothing. Philosophy should smack of its source in concrete experience as flooded rills of wide sea-marshes taste of the sea. Or, to approach Plato's own figure, it should be the orchestral conductor who loves the exuberant vitality of his various and unlike instruments, giving each its fullest expression, to the end of a rich as well as a harmonious music.

GERTRUDE BESSE KING.

THE following books are recommended to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"Representative Plays by American Dramatists," edited by Montrose J. Moses. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$2.50.

"The Captive Lion," by W. H. Davies. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$1.50.

¹"Plato's Studies and Criticisms of the Poets." Carleton L. Brownson. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.75.

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